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"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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The Demagogue, by D R Locke

D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. MASON IS CHECKMATED BY A TRAGEDY.

VERY few marriages result as the participants expect, and especially is this true of the woman in the case. The rosente, ante-nuptial dreams of a life of unbroken happiness, and ecstatic joy, speedily are dissipated, sometimes even before the honeymoon wanes. Married life is found to be as full of trouble and worry as was a state of single blessedness, for human nature remains the same after the tying of the nuptial knot as it was before. The act of marriage does not involve the making over of the natures of the high contracting parties, nor the elimination of all weaknesses, frailties and faults. Nobody but a fool—a thorough, complete and symmetrical fool—would imagine that such a radical change is worked by matrimony; and while the common run of individuals are fools on one or more points, they are not on the other counts of the indictment; therefore, finding that the connubial state is not at all their perfervid imaginations painted it, they accept the inevitable—by the kindly law of nature finding unlooked-for compensations in their new conditions and surroundings.

If this be the case in the ordinary love-match, what was to be expected of the marriage of Caleb Mason and Helen Harvey? If ever a couple came to the altar without either feeling one throb of the master passion for the other, it was those two. It was a match of ambition, not of love. Mason entered upon it to secure the powerful influence of the Harvey family for the furtherance of his political and financial schemes. He was proud of the beauty and intellect of Helen, but he did not love her in the true sense of the word. Intensely selfish as he was, all his thoughts and activities and emotions centered upon himself. And Helen became his wife for her father's sake, aided by her own ambition to share the honors she believed Mason would achieve—to move in the brilliant society at the national capital; and she sacrificed the honest affection she felt for Dr. Blanchard to marry a man she did not love, in order to compass these ends. She dimly believed that she should find in Mason a congenial companion, and that domestic life and happiness would bring love as a consequence.

But she was disappointed. Caleb Mason treated her well; she could not complain of slights, of harsh words or treatment, nor of neglect of that courtesy which should always be shown a woman, even though she be your wife. But there was no real community of thought and feeling between the two—none of that sympathy which may exist even where love is not—Mason was an intensely secretive man. He schemed and planed by himself, taking counsel of no one; and when he needed help it was only that furnished by an instrument, not by a counsellor or a trusted friend. In point of fact, he trusted nobody; he had no confidants. Helen's dream of being a sympathetic adviser and co-worker with her husband in his political advancement was soon shattered. She found that she was shut out from his inner life, the springs of his actions, as completely as before her marriage; and when she endeavored to draw him into confidential discussion of his aims, his purposes and prospects, he always avoided the topic and changed the subject. He would talk politics with her, and discuss general situations, but he was silent as to the part he expected to bear, the advancement he had planned for himself. She only knew of them when they were accomplished.

Had she been blessed with children, her lot would have been much better. She could have lavished upon them a mother's love, and their education and advancement in life would have afforded her feelings a natural and healthy outlet. But her marriage was childless, and she was denied the consolation which only a mother can know. Slowly she and her husband drifted apart; the things in which he was interested he would not allow her to share, nor did he evince the smallest interest in her reading, her music, or any of her occupations. So long as his household was well ordered, and the expenditure kept within the limits he had set, he was apparently satisfied. To a weaker woman, this indifference would have been dangerous. The craving for love and sympathy for a community of thought and action, with many of her sex is so strong, that if they are not found in a husband, there is danger that they will be accepted from other men. But Helen was a woman too well poised, of too strong a nature, to stoop to invite maudlin sympathy from another, and thus drift into a vulgar intrigue.

Her dreams of shining in social circles at the political capital also failed of realization. Mr. Mason had taken her with him to Columbus for a fortnight each of the two winters of his term in the state legislature, and she had not cared to make a longer stay. But when he was first elected to Congress, in 1860, her old ambition woke within her, and she became anxious to accompany him to Washington. The old regime was overthrown, the first Republican President was elected, and there would be a complete revolution wrought in the fabric of Washington official society. Helen Mason knew her own powers, and she felt that she could easily make herself one of the social leaders under the new dispensation.

We all remember the winter that followed Lincoln's election—the beginning of secession, the loud-mouth treason proclaimed even in the halls of Congress by Southern Senators and Representatives, their farewell bravado and bluster as they shook from their feet the dust of the seat of government, to journey homeward and join in the formation of the insurrectionary government and in the levying of armies to carry on their rebellion. Mr. Mason's official term, of course, did not begin till the following March 4th, the day of the inauguration; but the Congress to which he was elected would not begin its sessions until the next December, unless convened in extra session—which was, however, seen to be a necessity, and which was afterward done. Helen's interest was powerfully excited, and her desire to accompany her husband to his new scene of duty was much intensified; for she shared his belief that we were on the eve of a gigantic struggle—a thing not believed by the masses of the people, even though the political sky was darkening with swift-coming war clouds. She foresaw that Washington would be the center, not only of political events of transcendent importance, but also of military movements, and her heart burned to become a social star in the new Republican court, amid the military and civil magnates of the nation.

The day of inauguration was near. One day at dinner Mr. Mason referred to its approach, and spoke of his intention to be present at the inauguration ceremonies.

"How long shall you remain?" inquired Mrs. Mason.

"Probably two or three weeks. There must be a change in the post offices in my district. We have won the victory and are entitled to the spoils. I shall stay long

"HOW LONG SHALL YOU REMAIN?"

enough to have every Democratic postmaster in the larger offices turned out and a Republican put in his place. The smaller offices can wait until Congress convenes. I shall have more time to attend to them then."

"Do you feel certain that an extra session will be called?"

"I do. These secessionists mean business, and we shall either have to let the South go, or subdue it by force. To do either transcends the power of the Executive alone; Congress must be called together to legislate on the matter, which ever horn of the dilemma is taken."

"What do you suppose are Mr. Lincoln's views?" inquired Helen, prompted by her interest in the political crisis.

"We shall have war. Mr. Lincoln, even if he felt like doing it, could not take any steps toward allowing the disruption of the Union without arousing such a whirlwind of anger among the people of the North as would result in either his immediate resignation or a revolution. Our people can not believe that the South will resort to arms. They are apparently divided in counsels, but the first overt act of hostility—the firing of the first gun—will unite them as one man in favor of using force to bring our 'erring sisters' back into the Union."

"But, Caleb, why should Mr. Greeley talk as he does about compromises, and even refer to a possible peaceable dissolution of the Union?"

"My dear, Greeley is, like all reformers, one-sided and erratic. He is good in preaching a crusade, but his judgment is worthless as a leader when the crusade begins."

"But suppose Mr. Lincoln shares his views?"

"Lincoln is not the type of man that Greeley is. I shall time my departure so as to join him on his way to Washington, and shall endeavor to find out his views—and urge prompt changes in Sixth district offices as well."

Helen considered a moment, and then, deeming the opportunity as favorable as any, began upon the topic uppermost in her thoughts. She rarely addressed him, even when they were alone, except as "Mr. Mason;" but now she used a more familiar form:

"Caleb, I am glad you are going to get on friendly terms with the new President at once. You have great talents, and with the incoming of the new Republican administration, you will have a field for their exercise which should cause you to rise rapidly. I am anxious to see you rise; I am anxious to help you, so far as lies in my power."

"I thank you, my dear," interrupted Mason, "both for your flattering judgment as to my own worth, and for your kindly wishes."

"It is not much that I can do directly to forward your interests," pursued Helen, "but, were I with you in Washington, I could do much indirectly—in a social way, you understand; for the making or marring of many a man's career has been accomplished in the drawing-rooms or the official society of the capital. In the new order of things about to be established there, both in politics and official society, I feel that I can do my share in your advancement among the latter, and be an aid to you in your efforts in your own field."

Mr. Mason listened in silence, his face expressing nothing but courteous attention. As he made no reply, but apparently waited for her to continue, she went on:

"I have thought over the matter considerably, and have arrived at the conclusion I have just given you. I hope you will take me with you when Congress opens, and give me the opportunity of trying to further your progress. I speak of it now, so that you may have time to consider the matter, and, if you approve, make the necessary arrangements."

Her husband drew a long breath. "Your offer touches me, Helen; it does, indeed. If you were a different sort of a woman—a social butterfly, rather than a woman of thought and education—I should say you were making a wheedling plea to be permitted to enjoy the society while at Washington—that you were flattering me into compliance. But I know you better than that. I feel that your wish is prompted by a wife's sincere desire for her husband's advancement, and it touches me deeply."

He bent over her and touched his lips to her cheek.

"I am sorry that I cannot say 'yes' at once, Helen; but I can, unfortunately, make no positive answer. The Congressional campaign was a most arduous one, as well as costly in a money sense; not only did my law business suffer greatly, because I was unable to give it proper attention, but I had to pay out large sums of money in various ways, to carry out the campaign work. It is very difficult to obtain money just now, as the political troubles have disorganized finance, and the outlook gets darker every day. But I will do my best. As soon as I return from Washington, I will see what arrangements can be made; and if it is at all possible, your wish shall be granted." And with another kiss upon her cheek, he took his departure for his office.

The subject was not renewed until the President called Congress in special session. Then Mr. Mason explained to his wife that the extra session would doubtless be brief—merely to provide money for the expenses of the troops called out—and that it would hardly be worth while for her to go to the capital for a few weeks. But he hoped his personal finances would be in better condition by the time the regular session began in December, and he would endeavor to have her join him in Washington after the holidays.

But two Congressional terms passed away, and Helen had not had her wish. She had visited the capital once, in the winter of 1862, but Mr. Mason evinced no desire to establish her permanently with him.

Helen was too proud to return to the subject; but the cool ignoring of her offer widened the distance between her husband and herself, and as the years went on the estrangement grew.

Not long after the events narrated in the last chapter, Caleb Mason returned to Washington at the assembling of Congress. He was always particular in writing weekly letters to his wife, utilizing Sunday for that duty; as a consequence Helen regularly received his missives every Tuesday. So it was with some surprise that on one Thursday late in February, she received a letter addressed in her husband's well-known chirography. When she reached home she opened it, wondering what special matter of moment had procured her the unexpected pleasure of a second missive from him within one week.

"WHAT NEW SCHEME HAS HE ON FOOT?"

As she unfolded it a slip of paper dropped out. A glance showed it to be a check for a hundred dollars. The letter read as follows:

MY DEAR HELEN—As you know, I was not able to spend the holidays at home, because of some important political business which detained me here. Had I been able to do so, I had intended to bring you back on my return here, to stay for several weeks with me. Long ago you expressed a wish to remain in Washington for the winter. It was impossible, as you will remember, for financial reasons, to afford you (as well as myself) that pleasure, and the rush and hurry of the great events that have made our nation's history since then, I am sorry to say, drove the matter out of my mind. I wish to repair my error of omission. True, the somewhat Quixotic project you then entertained of aiding me by the exercise of your undoubted social talents would have come to naught, as the power of the camp has entirely eclipsed that of the salon; under the old order of things the salon dominated politics in many ways, and your idea would have been an excellent one.

I inclose check for $100, and hope to meet you here on Monday next. Leave Pulaski Saturday, by way of Columbus. I know you have a very good time, but you will, doubtless, desire to make some additions. Postpone doing so, however, till you reach here. The check is for traveling and other immediate expenses; I will give you what you need for shopping when you come. Please telegraph me when you will start. Affectionately your husband,

CALEB MASON.

"Now what scheme has he on foot that requires my presence?" murmured Helen to herself as she finished its perusal. She knew Mr. Mason well enough to understand that there was more in his sudden determination to give her an extended visit at the capital than was contained in that letter. Her first feeling was one of revolt—a disinclination to be made a tool for some unknown purpose. But the prospect of a sojourn at Washington was not without allurement. Her life in Pulaski was a joyless one—the duties of household duties, broken by an equally dull giving and receiving of calls. Here was an opportunity for an agreeable diversion.

"Besides," she mused, "he hints at nothing else than a simple pleasure trip for myself. I will accept the invitation on its face, and if there should an object concealed after I am there, it will be perfectly easy to decline to have anything to do with it, if I wish."

Accordingly a telegram was dispatched, and the next Monday as she stepped from the train at Washington, she found her husband awaiting her.

Mr. Mason had rooms at a leading hotel, and Helen found herself with a pleasant circle of acquaintances, within a very few days. No hint was given by her husband that he had any ulterior motive in desiring her presence, and, her vague suspicions lulled to rest, Helen began to enjoy herself very much. It was, indeed, a marked change from the dullness of Pulaski. Here was the political and military center of the nation, and the closing scenes of the mighty drama of the rebellion were drawing near. Sherman had made his glorious march to the sea, and had turned northward; Grant was steadily hammering away in front of Richmond, and it was becoming plain to the dullest apprehension that the tremendous struggle would soon be brought to a close. Helen's loyal heart was glad at the thought, and it added a zest to the novelty of living in the very center of the nation's life, amid the whirl and hurry of the actual occurrence of events.

Then, too, Mr. Mason was assiduous in having her meet many notable men. She was introduced to so many of his fellow-members of the House that her brain was taxed to recall their names when next she met them; she met leading Senators and Cabinet ministers, and accompanied her husband to the White House to call upon the President. Mr. Mason's faithful services to his party brought her more than the ordinary attentions bestowed upon a member's wife, while her own beauty, intelligence and social tact, made her friends on every side on her own account. Decidedly these were pleasant weeks, and Helen often looked back to them as the one really bright spot in the dull sameness of her life since her marriage.

Then came the fall of Richmond, and it was plain that the end was only a few days off. The great struggle would be closed and the nation return to the arts of peace. Caleb Mason had seen the end from afar, and had, with his customary foresight, made a study of the possibilities of the future and the changes which the end of the war would bring. He saw that a new and important element would be brought into the political field—the returned soldiers. "The preference now will be for military men," ran his conclusion; "the million soldiers of the volunteer armies will form a heavy factor in the voting population, and they will largely control the preferences of their friends at home. The army will vanish from the field, only to reappear at the polls; and the men who commanded in war will have the suffrages of the rank and file for civil office. This is Lincoln's second term; and he will be succeeded by a general. The Americans are ceeded by a general. The Americans are like all other people—they idolize a successful military leader."

This had been a line of thought often present in Caleb Mason's mind ever since the military success of of the winter had rendered it certain that the Union arms would speedily triumph in the field. Now that Richmond, the key to the Confederacy, had fallen, the new order of things was impending. True, it would be some time before things would settle down to a peace basis; but it was the part of wisdom to put in action plans for his own personal advantage before the new era dawned.

No man was wise enough to forecast what would be done with the insurrectionary states in a political way, nor on what basis the reconstruction of the Union would be made. That a heated political conflict would follow the cessation of hostilities was certain; but even Caleb Mason's acuteness could not solve to his own satisfaction how he could best secure his own interests during the period of turmoil. With the pressing necessity for holding all loyal men together with the one object of suppressing the rebellion removed, there would be more elasticity in politics, and voters would feel more free to exercise their personal choice as to candidates at the polls. Nothing but the manipulation of the soldier vote had saved him from defeat the previous fall; the home vote had been against him. He feared to put the matter again to the test in an election, if it could be avoided. True, the next election was nearly two years off; but if he could step higher before that time, would it not be wise?

Mr. Mason was decidedly of the impression that it would be extremely wise. But how was he to step higher?

So he had, just after the incoming of the new year, set his wits to work in the direction of finding the desired step. It must necessarily be an appointive office; it must be one of more distinction than that of Representative; and last, but by no means least, it must carry with it a higher salary.

Long ago Caleb Mason had made for himself personal friends in the departments, especially in those of the State, War and the Treasury. It was often a matter of interest to him to know when there were positions wherein changes were to be made, in order that a friend might be pushed at the earliest possible moment for a vacancy. Mr. Mason's tastes ran toward a diplomatic position. He felt himself a master in the art of diplomacy, and could find an opening he felt assured that his talents would be as valuable to his country in that field as his work in the House had been valuable to his party. Accordingly he had a quiet talk one evening with a friend who held a confidential position in the State department, during which there was a transfer of a roll of greenbacks.

That day in February on which he had written to Helen to join him in Washington, this friend came to him with the intelligence that the United States minister to one of the most important European courts—whom we will call Langdon—would probably be recalled, for certain urgent reasons.

Mr. Mason congratulated himself. If he had been given his choice of foreign positions, this would have been the one he would have chosen. He knew it would require considerable influence to get it, but he felt sure he could control as many influential men as any one else—and his advance knowledge of the situation would enable him to marshal his forces in advance.

His first move was to write to Helen. Before she had been in Washington a week, however, he received information in the same way that nothing would be done until after Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration, so that the recall might appear to have followed as a matter of course. That time passed, but the rapid march of events in the field drove to the background all matters of less importance than those pertaining to the vigorous prosecution of the closing military campaign. He learned, however, that the matter was held in abeyance—that as soon as hostilities ceased Minister Langdon would be recalled.

Thus it was that Helen came to be in Washington. Her husband saw to it that she met every man of political prominence who would be able to help him when the time came. She was a success socially, and he began to feel sanguine over the happy thought of bringing her to his side. It was even better that she had not been in Washington before; she was unsophisticated as to the devious ways of practical politics and the false impression she had made was more marked than would have been the case had she been a habitue of Washington. Familiarity often breeds depreciation, as well as it breeds contempt.

Richmond fell, and the end was come. In the mad whirl of rejoicing Mason was as jubilant as any, but he kept a sharp watch for the recall of Minister Langdon. But day after day passed by, and still the State department was inactive. Late one evening, after Mason had retired, he was awakened by a bell-boy, who informed him that a gentleman in the office wished to speak with him at once on important business.

Making a hasty toilet, Mason repaired to the office, to find his emissary awaiting

THEY WALKED OUT UPON THE STREET.

him. They walked out upon the deserted street in order to avoid being overheard.

"Day after to-morrow, strike as early as you can. To-morrow is a general jubilee over the end of the war, and nothing will be done; but the next day Langdon will be recalled."

It was too late in the evening to set in motion any of the agencies through which he hoped to compass the appointment he coveted, and Mr. Mason was fain to return to his room and wait the coming of the morning. But he was out bright and early, and he spent the hours of the great day of the nation's jubilee over the downfall of treason in urging what he presumed to have influence with the President to press his claims for the mission to be made vacant on the morrow.

Helen was with a party of friends viewing the monster procession and watching the surging throngs who packed the streets. It was 6 o'clock before she and her husband met, just before dinner. Mr. Mason looked very tired, but his face was bright, and he seemed to be in an excellent humor. They went down to the dining-room, and while waiting to be served Caleb turned to his wife and said:

"Helen, I find that the President will attend the theater to-night, and so have reserved two seats. I presumed that you would like to go, and I was really too busy to come home to speak to you about the matter."

"Oh, I shall be very glad to go. I have always wished to see 'Our American Cousin,' for I have read so very many allusions to it in the comic papers."

"Well, your longing shall be gratified to-night. I am glad to have the chance of a quiet chat with you, while we are at table. I must tell you that—"

But Mr. Mason was interrupted by the waiter seating a party of guests at the same table. The gentlemen were acquaintances, and a brisk conversation at once being begun, he was obliged to abandon the "quiet chat" with his wife.

They were, from one cause or another, a little late in reaching Ford's theater. Their seats were in the dress circle, on the opposite side from the Presidential box, and afforded them a good view of the occupants when they arrived. Helen took her seat, and looked about her. The house was crowded with a brilliant audience, and every face seemed alight with joy over the end of the tremendous struggle. There was even a note of triumph, it seemed to her, in the very buzz of conversation that rose in every hand. Then a clapping of hands began among those nearest the door. Every one turned to look, and saw a party being escorted toward the boxes on the right-hand side, and the wave of applause rolled over the house.

"The President and his party," remarked Mr. Mason, joining in the demonstration, which was repeated with enthusiasm as the group entered the box to take their seats. The President seated Mrs. Lincoln, and then looked smilingly out over the crowded auditorium, bowing in response to the enthusiastic cheering.

"Who are those with the President and Mrs. Lincoln?" questioned Helen of her husband.

"Major Rathbone and Miss Harris."

The jubilant audience got tired of cheering, and quieted down to listen to the orchestra. Presently the curtain rose, and Helen's interest was absorbed in the scenes of the celebrated play, "Our American Cousin."

When the curtain fell upon the second act, Mr. Mason leaned over toward his wife, and began upon the topic he was about to discuss at the dinner table.

"I must tell you something I think you will be glad to hear, Helen. Bend over a little, for I must speak low. This is a state secret, remember. Minister Langdon is to be recalled at once. The recall will be made public to-morrow."

"Well?" inquired she, not understanding his drift.

"I am a candidate to succeed him. I have the promise of aid from ——," and he named a number of leading senators and representatives, and others in high station.

Helen gave a start as he began. Turning to him as he ceased, she inquired:

"Why do you wish to leave Congress and seek a position abroad? This is so sudden—it has taken me entirely by surprise. Please explain it all to me."

"There is but little to explain. The position is a higher and more honorable one than that I now occupy. The salary, too, is very much larger. I think a few years abroad would be a good thing for us both in many ways, and I shall be very glad if I succeed in obtaining the position."

"What are your chances?"

"They are fairly good—and so far, better than those of any one else, for the fact of the recall is known to but few besides the President and the secretary of State. But as soon as it is made public, there will be a rush of applicants. Such places do not go begging, I can assure you."

"Then it is still a matter of doubt?"

"Yes—of a great deal of doubt; I shall need the aid of every friend I have. And I had thought, Helen, that now is an excellent opportunity for you to test the idea you once suggested, of aiding my advancement through your social qualities. It is fortunate that you happened to be here just at this juncture," and Mr. Mason watched his wife's face narrowly out of the corner of his eye, in order to see how the proposition might strike her.

"When did you learn that a vacancy would occur?"

"Not until yesterday." It was a falsehood, though it followed the strict letter of the truth. "I will explain to you, after we get home, the way in which you can be of great use in this matter. I think——"

"Hush! the curtain is going up."

Mason was perforce silent. Helen turned her eyes toward the stage, her brain in a whirl. So he had, after all, summoned her to Washington to aid him! Should she do it? Why not? She was his wife, and although there was no love between them, it was her duty to do all that she honorably could to advance his interests. But there was a feeling deep in her heart that she ought not to degrade herself by becoming his tool—that what he was going to ask her to do would be a degradation to herself.

While her mind was intent on this matter, to all outward appearance her attention was absorbed by the play. "Asa Trenchard" and "Mary Meredith" were the two characters on the stage, and the house was very quiet, listening to the dialogue in which "Asa" tells her of her relinquishment of a bequest that should rightfully have been her own. The stillness was broken by the sharp report of a pistol, apparently fired behind the scenes to the right. Helen started and came out of her reverie. She gazed in the direction of the sound, and noted confusion in the Presidential box, of whose interior she sat in full view. Major Rathbone had risen from his chair to grasp at another person, who was pressing toward the front of the box—could it be the President? No, there sat Mr. Lincoln, his head bent forward as if he was asleep. The stranger wrested himself out of Major Rathbone's grasp in an instant, and Helen saw the gleam of a dagger in the stranger's hand as he struck the major—as was afterward found, inflicting a severe wound in his left arm.

All this had passed in an instant—but at the gleam of steel it flashed through Helen's mind that she was witnessing a tragedy—how terrible a one, how far-reaching in its effects, she could not dream.

The stranger sprang upon the box rail, and leaped to the stage, some nine feet below. Helen saw that his spur caught the edge of one of the flags draped around the front of the box; she even noted the torn portion of the bunting. As he sprang down he shouted *"sic semper tyrannis!"* and rushing across the stage—though he had broken his leg in the leap—the stranger, John Wilkes Booth, disappeared.

The wild screams of Mrs. Lincoln rang out, and the awful fact flashed over Helen that she had witnessed the assassination of the President, the great Emancipator! She started to her feet with the rest of the audience, and a scene of the wildest excitement ensued.

"My God! He has murdered him!" gasped she.

"Come quickly, Helen! Let us get away!" exclaimed her husband, wrapping her cloak about her.

They reached the street, thronged already with the excited populace. They did not exchange a word until they were in their room at the hotel. Helen sank into a chair, trembling in every limb at the exciting scene through which she had passed. Caleb Mason's face was ashy pale. He walked up and down the room, as if to collect his thoughts. Then he spoke—and his first words were these:

"My plans are overthrown. Lincoln is mortally wounded; Johnson will follow him; and he is not my friend. I shall not succeed Langdon!"

Even in the face of the nation's fearful calamity his only thought was as to its effects upon his own fortunes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

When It Was Built and Who the Architect Was.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The first stone bridge across the Thames at London was commenced in 1176. The architect was Peter, of Colechurch, who died in 1205, one year before the structure was completed. The stone platform was 926 feet long and 40 feet wide. The coping stones were 60 feet above the level of the water at ebb tide, and the bridge was formed by nineteen pointed arches, with massive piers from 25 to 34 feet in solidity, having a drawbridge on each side of the river to protect the approaches. The chapel inscribed to St. Thomas a Becket consisted of two stories, and was familiarly known as St. Thomas of the Bridge. It stood on the south or great pier, that is, as nearly as possible in the centre of the bridge, the lower portion being the crypt, paved with black and white marble. In this crypt the architect, Peter of Colechurch, desired that his bones might rest, and there, it may be presumed, they peacefully remained for centuries. But in 1737 the premises came into the occupation of a Mr. Yalwin, to be used by him as a dwelling and warehouse. While alterations were being effected under the staircase of the crypt, the remains of a human body were discovered and removed, but no inscription was found to afford a clue as to whose body it was, nor were any records of the interment forthcoming.

In the summer of 1883 old London bridge was removed. I was at school in Kensington at the time, and hearing that the crypt—which once contained the remains of Peter of Colechurch, had been discovered, I hastened to view the ruin. Admission to inspect was denied to a boy, albeit of archæological proclivities, and I was fain to watch the process of demolition from the nearest buttress of the London bridge now standing. However, I secured a print, which I still retain, showing the chapel as St. Thomas and the crypt let to Mr. Yaldwin in the last century. The questions, therefore, remaining to be solved, are: 1. Who completed the old bridge when Peter of Colechurch died in 1205? 2. Of whom were the remains discovered in the tomb under the crypt stairs in 1737, and where were they afterwards placed?

Princess Hatzfeldt.

Speaking of Miss Clara Huntington's marriage to Prince Hatzfeldt, the New York *Sun* says: The young woman who figures in this affair of dollars and hearts is not Mr. Huntington's daughter, but his niece. However, because his first wife was childless, he adopted Miss Clara, and has given her a father's love. When the Huntingtons lived in San Francisco Miss Clara did not appear much in society. She is haughty, and has qualities besides her wealth to attract suitors. Rather tall and slight, she does not appear to be 31 years old, though she is about that age. Some ten years ago two of her suitors quarrelled with each other over her. Their dispute became bitter, and the favored one was killed by his rival, who afterward took his own life in prison. After this tragedy Miss Huntington came East, and was courted by Samuel Fales, of the Union club. The matter was broken off, the reason being, it is asserted, that Mr. Huntington would not give his daughter as large a settlement as was wanted. Miss Huntington did not love her first foster mother with excessive fervor, but she has got along famously with Mr. Huntington's second wife.

Retrospective.

"O, William! it is very different now from what it was before we were married."

"Very."

"Do you remember long years ago how you used to sue me for my hand?"

"Yes; and do you remember how later on you threatened to sue me for my hand and bring all my letters into court? Yes; we have a great deal to look back to."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Pretty Near It, Though.

First Whisky Barrel—Are you empty?

Second Whisky Barrel—Not by a jugful but if he could step higher before that time, would it not be wise?

Mr. Mason was decidedly of the impression that it would be extremely wise. But how was he to step higher?

So he had, just after the incoming of the new year, set his wits to work in the direction of finding the desired step. It must necessarily be an appointive office; it must be one of more distinction than that of Representative; and last, but by no means least, it must carry with it a higher salary.

Long ago Caleb Mason had made for himself personal friends in the departments, especially in those of the State, War and the Treasury. It was often a matter of interest to him to know when there were positions wherein changes were to be made, in order that a friend might be pushed at the earliest possible moment for a vacancy. Mr. Mason's tastes ran toward a diplomatic position. He felt himself a master in the art of diplomacy, and could find an opening he felt assured that his talents would be as valuable to his country in that field as his work in the House had been valuable to his party. Accordingly he had a quiet talk one evening with a friend who held a confidential position in the State department, during which there was a transfer of a roll of greenbacks.

That day in February on which he had written to Helen to join him in Washington, this friend came to him with the intelligence that the United States minister to one of the most important European courts—whom we will call Langdon—would probably be recalled, for certain urgent reasons.

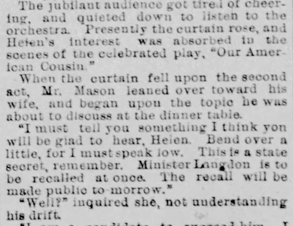
Mr. Mason congratulated himself. If he had been given his choice of foreign positions, this would have been the one he would have chosen. He knew it would require considerable influence to get it, but he felt sure he could control as many influential men as any one else—and his advance knowledge of the situation would enable him to marshal his forces in advance.

His first move was to write to Helen. Before she had been in Washington a week, however, he received information in the same way that nothing would be done until after Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration, so that the recall might appear to have followed as a matter of course. That time passed, but the rapid march of events in the field drove to the background all matters of less importance than those pertaining to the vigorous prosecution of the closing military campaign. He learned, however, that the matter was held in abeyance—that as soon as hostilities ceased Minister Langdon would be recalled.

Thus it was that Helen came to be in Washington. Her husband saw to it that she met every man of political prominence who would be able to help him when the time came. She was a success socially, and he began to feel sanguine over the happy thought of bringing her to his side. It was even better that she had not been in Washington before; she was unsophisticated as to the devious ways of practical politics and the false impression she had made was more marked than would have been the case had she been a habitue of Washington. Familiarity often breeds depreciation, as well as it breeds contempt.

Richmond fell, and the end was come. In the mad whirl of rejoicing Mason was as jubilant as any, but he kept a sharp watch for the recall of Minister Langdon. But day after day passed by, and still the State department was inactive. Late one evening, after Mason had retired, he was awakened by a bell-boy, who informed him that a gentleman in the office wished to speak with him at once on important business.

Making a hasty toilet, Mason repaired to the office, to find his emissary awaiting



THEY WALKED OUT UPON THE STREET.

him. They walked out upon the deserted street in order to avoid being overheard.

"Day after to-morrow, strike as early as you can. To-morrow is a general jubilee over the end of the war, and nothing will be done; but the next day Langdon will be recalled."

It was too late in the evening to set in motion any of the agencies through which he hoped to compass the appointment he coveted, and Mr. Mason was fain to return to his room and wait the coming of the morning. But he was out bright and early, and he spent the hours of the great day of the nation's jubilee over the downfall of treason in urging what he presumed to have influence with the President to press his claims for the mission to be made vacant on the morrow.

Helen was with a party of friends viewing the monster procession and watching the surging throngs who packed the streets. It was 6 o'clock before she and her husband met, just before dinner. Mr. Mason looked very tired, but his face was bright, and he seemed to be in an excellent humor. They went down to the dining-room, and while waiting to be served Caleb turned to his wife and said:

"Helen, I find that the President will attend the theater to-night, and so have reserved two seats. I presumed that you would like to go, and I was really too busy to come home to speak to you about the matter."

"Oh, I shall be very glad to go. I have always wished to see 'Our American Cousin,' for I have read so very many allusions to it in the comic papers."

"Well, your longing shall be gratified to-night. I am glad to have the chance of a quiet chat with you, while we are at table. I must tell you that—"

But Mr. Mason was interrupted by the waiter seating a party of guests at the same table. The gentlemen were acquaintances, and a brisk conversation at once being begun, he was obliged to abandon the "quiet chat" with his wife.

They were, from one cause or another, a little late in reaching Ford's theater. Their seats were in the dress circle, on the opposite side from the Presidential box, and afforded them a good view of the occupants when they arrived. Helen took her seat, and looked about her. The house was crowded with a brilliant audience, and every face seemed alight with joy over the end of the tremendous struggle. There was even a note of triumph, it seemed to her, in the very buzz of conversation that rose in every hand. Then a clapping of hands began among those nearest the door. Every one turned to look, and saw a party being escorted toward the boxes on the right-hand side, and the wave of applause rolled over the house.

"The President and his party," remarked Mr. Mason, joining in the demonstration, which was repeated with enthusiasm as the group entered the box to take their seats. The President seated Mrs. Lincoln, and then looked smilingly out over the crowded auditorium, bowing in response to the enthusiastic cheering.

"Who are those with the President and Mrs. Lincoln?" questioned Helen of her husband.

"Major Rathbone and Miss Harris."

The jubilant audience got tired of cheering, and quieted down to listen to the orchestra. Presently the curtain rose, and Helen's interest was absorbed in the scenes of the celebrated play, "Our American Cousin."

When the curtain fell upon the second act, Mr. Mason leaned over toward his wife, and began upon the topic he was about to discuss at the dinner table.

"I must tell you something I think you will be glad to hear, Helen. Bend over a little, for I must speak low. This is a state secret, remember. Minister Langdon is to be recalled at once. The recall will be made public to-morrow."

"Well?" inquired she, not understanding his drift.

"I am a candidate to succeed him. I have the promise of aid from ——," and he named a number of leading senators and representatives, and others in high station.

Helen gave a start as he began. Turning to him as he ceased, she inquired:

"Why do you wish to leave Congress and seek a position abroad? This is so sudden—it has taken me entirely by surprise. Please explain it all to me."

"There is but little to explain. The position is a higher and more honorable one

Poetry.

MELISSA'S MISADVENTURE.

ELISSA Melinda McCann
Projected a laudable plan
To reform woman's dress
On a standard no less
Than the models affected by man.

She invented remarkable ways
Of belaying her garments, and praise
Was distinctly her due,
For the neighbors she threw
Into constant and breathless amaze.

Unmindful how some might deride,
She determined her skirt to divide;
No change was too radical,
Transient—nomadical—
Each new idea should be tried.

All draping she wholly abhorred—
Her vials of wrath she outpoured
Upon tailors and dressmakers
Calling them messmakers,
Banded in fiendish accord.

Point de Venice was as bad—
Never a trimming she had;
For her no chimerical,
Cheap millinerical,
Passementerical fad.

And so she elected to go
Unadorned from her crown to her toe;
A strong common sensible—
Quite indefensible
Funny old feminine crow!

These were the thanks that she got:
From naughty newspapers, hot shot;
From her friends, levity—
Hints of longevity—
Tragical, quite, was it not?

INGIN SUMMER.

Just about the time when fall
Gits to rattlin' in the trees,
An' the man thet knows it all
'Spicions frost in ev'ry breeze,
Wherin a person feels hisse'f
Thet the leaves look mighty thin,
Then thar blows a meller breaf!
Ingin summer's hyere agin.

Kind-uh smoky-lookin' blues
Spins acrost the mountain side;
An' the heavy mornin' dews
Groons the grass up fur and wide.
Natur' may 'pears ter sof'
She wuz layin' off a day—
Sort-uh drorin' in her breaf
'Fore she freezes up to stay.

Nary lick o' work I strike
'Long about this time o' year!
I'm a sort-uh slowly like,
'Right when Ingin summer's here.
Wife an' boys kin tend ter work,
But a man with natchel wit,
Like I got, kin 'ford to shirk,
Ef he hes a turn for it.

Time when grapes set in to ripe,
All I ast off any man
Is a comm'n co'n cob pipe
With terbacker to my man'.
Then jest loose my weskit an' air
Sinners cross me, wahn an' free!
Promise lands ull find me thar;
Wings ull fahly sprout on me!

I'm a-loungin' 'round on thrones,
Bossin' worlds I'm shore to shore,
When I stretch my marrer bones
Jest outside the cabin door!
An' the sunshine seepin' down
On my old head, bald an' gray,
Tears right like the gilted crown
I expect to w'ar some day.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

WILD MEN.

When Civilized Beings Have Become Worse Than Savages.

From Die Gartenlaube.

With the progress of science a whole race of men has disappeared, the so-called "wild men," in whose existence the most learned firmly believed a few decades ago, and who still live in the imagination of many who are unacquainted with recent investigations. The wild man was supposed to be a peculiar creature, half man and half beast, forming the connecting link between the human species and the ape. The belief in his existence is to be ascribed, without doubt, to erroneous observations and reports of travelers.

Only four years ago a report came to the Berlin Anthropological society from the Papuan Islands testifying to the existence on one of the islands of a race of people with ears six inches in length, and of others with white skins and red hair who lived naked upon trees, made noises like those of a lemur, and seemed devoid of human characteristics. According to the other natives, these were the descendants of Europeans wrecked upon the coast many years before. The most celebrated of modern wild men were the dwarfs and the Bushmen of Africa. The former were supposed to dwell in the unexplored parts of Abyssinia, they were described as being four feet high, without weapons or any form of government or religion, climbing trees like apes and living upon roots, ants and snakes, which they ate raw. Schweinfurth discovered later a veritable race of dwarfs, the Akkas, in the interior of Africa. His description of them has been quite recently confirmed by Emin Pasha.

The Akkas live by hunting, in which they are very adroit and successful; they sell their game to the agricultural tribes about them. They are cannibals and very cruel and treacherous, but the idea that they form a connecting link between man and the ape is erroneous. The same impassable gulf that separates the European and the chimpanzee stands between the latter and the lowest of the Akkas. Another variety of the wild men was represented by the "ape-men" of Southern Asia. In 1824 it was stated in all seriousness in the journal of the Asiatic society of Bengal that two of these creatures, a male and a female, had been discovered among the laborers on a coffee plantation. Afterward several travelers claimed to have seen

Recent Literature.

THE WEEK'S CURRENT LITERATURE

Holiday Books and Souvenirs—The Heroes of the Crusades—Osborne of Arrachas—Recollections of the Court of the Tuileries—November Magazines—Literary Notes.

A holiday book, and yet we should hardly call it that, for it will be a treasure at any season, is "In a Fair Country," which is made up of essays from the charming "Out Door Papers," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and illustrated finely by that ever delightful artist, Irene E. Jerome. No one can look over this work without a longing desire for its possession, for it contains rare beauties of both art and literature. The execution typographically is superb, and it is upon fine cream-colored paper and well bound. The publishers, Lee & Shepard, Boston, may well be proud of the volume.

Lee & Shepard also issue some exquisite calendars and holiday souvenirs. Among the first is the "Sunter Calendar." A pretty one of the latter is "One Merrie Christmas Time." Another is "A Happy New Year to You." All of these are made up of prettily decorated cards with appropriate text, tied together with ribbons, and then suspended with silver charms. They cannot fail to satisfy good taste.

A book of interest for both and young and old is "The Heroes of the Crusades," also from Lee & Shepard, Boston. The author, Amanda M. Douglas, is well known by her various works that have already given her popularity. The first chapter named "The Spirit of the Crusades" gives in clear, terse language the influence that led to these great movements to regain the Holy Land, in which such deeds of valor were done and so many lives were lost, in which kings and princes were animated by the same force that led the common people to offer themselves and all they held precious to this work. Following this opening chapter is a sketch of the principle leaders in the Crusades.

From the same publishers, and by the same author, comes "Osborne of Arrachar," a well told story of modern life, full of incident and yet not sensational; one which the reader will follow with interest from first to last without any flagging, and yet one that does not leave a bad flavor behind it. There is a mingling of humor and pathos which is pleasant, and one follows the heroine, Clyde Jermayne, with a sense of good comradeship. It is a good story.

A book from the same publishers is a new edition of one that has already done good service, and will, doubtless, do a great deal more. It is entitled "Pens and Types," and further described as "Hints and Helps for Those Who Write, Print, Read, Teach or Learn," a compressive title, but one which no more than covers the ground. The author is Benjamin Drew.

Lee & Shepard also issue "The Favorite Speaker," by George M. Baker, made up of selections in poetry and prose that are humorous, pathetic and patriotic. These are for use in the school room, in home and public entertainments and for declamation anywhere that such work is needed. The selections are well made.

"Recollections of the Count of the Tuileries," by Madame Carette, is translated from the French by Elizabeth Phipps Train. This lady held for years the post of reader to the Empress and she is therefore able to give a great deal of pleasant gossip about this beautiful woman during the period when Napoleon III was at the height of his power. A good many pages of the book are filled with desultory accounts of the household, the apartments of the Empress, the flimsy chit-chat which was current at the time amongst the ladies in attendance. About Napoleon himself, Madame Carette has little to say, but she gives many pleasing illustrations of the kindness, courage, sympathy, and religious fervor of the Empress. Even when she was still in the zenith of her beauty and power, the Empress could find time to visit the hospitals of Paris, and was not afraid, in spite of medical expostulations, to visit the victims of small-pox. "I should like to see these, also," were her firm but gentle words, "because I may suffer." Madame Carette may congratulate herself on having written an interesting book, and one which fulfills, what has evidently been the chief intention of the authoress, by placing the character of the illustrious lady of whom she speaks in an attractive and unselfish light. The book is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A book that will be seized with avidity by those who like a collection of short stories—and who at times does not?—is "The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh and Other Tales." If the name Bret Harte were not found upon the title-page, the reading of the first story would proclaim the authorship. It has small plot, but owns a quaint flavor that pertains to much of his writing. The story could be possible nowhere but on the Pacific coast, but located there it becomes realistic. The other stories are shorter but interesting. It comes from Houghton, Mifflu & Co., Boston.

From the same publishers in The Riverside Library for young people comes "Coal and the Coal Mines," by Horace Greene, which gives in an easy, pleasant style a world of information that the young people would not be likely to get in any other way. This is an excellent series.

"Little Miss Weezy's Sister" is a pretty little story, which is so well written, that older people will read it with interest. The author is Penn Shirley, and it is a pleasant companion to her former books, "Little Miss Weezy" and "Little Miss Weezy's Brother." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

From Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, comes some very excellent novels in pamphlet form. In the "Globe Library" are "The Golgotha of the Heart," by Hans Wachenhusen, translated from the French by Hetty E. Miller; "Dr. Wilbur's Note-Book," by Dr. N. T. Oliver, author of "Almeda" etc.; and "Roland Oliver," by Justin McCathy. M. P., a very interesting story. Another pamphlet is in the same publishers' "Rialto Series." It is entitled "Herbert Severance" by M. French Sheldon, and is a novel of a somewhat sensational character.

In Appleton's Town and Country Library is "The Romance of Jenny Harlowe and Sketches of Maritime Life," by W. Clark Russell, author of "The Mystery of the Ocean Star" etc. Price 50 cents. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Nero" is a romance by Ernst Eckstein, translated from the German by Clara Bell and Mary J. Safford, and published by William Gottsberger, New York. The Roman Emperor Nero is introduced as a young man still under the gentle influence of his early preceptor Seneca; he is uncorrupted by the vices of his Roman world, noble and magnanimous, and superbly beautiful. His unscrupulous mother, the Empress Agrippina, is the bad influence of his life. Yielding to her imperious wishes he marries Octavia while fondly loving Acte, a Greek freed slave and serving-woman of Nicodemus the Nazarene. This is Nero's first step downward. His subsequent career shows him as indifferent and cruel to Octavia, the lover of many infamous women, and the slave of every vice; finally he is transformed into the inhuman monster history has painted him. The book is rich in descriptions of Roman life in public and private.

"Retribution; a Tale of Passion," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, is issued by her publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, in uniform shape, style and price with her "Changed Brides," "Tried for Her Life," "Cruel as the Grave," "The Family Doom," "The Maiden Widow," "The Bride's Fate," "The Bridal Eve," and "The Discarded Daughter," already published by them, and selling at the low price of twenty-five cents a copy, each, retail. The above are the most popular novels ever written by Mrs. Southworth, and as they have never before been published or sold under one dollar and a half a copy, each, this edition of "Retribution," and others named above must have a very large sale.

The first volume of the "Constitutional History of the United States," by George Ticknor Curtis, is issued by Harper & Brothers, New York. This work in its original form has won its place in most libraries both public and private throughout the country. The author has now revised it and made large additions which bring it to the close of the civil war, and a most valuable product of time and labor it is. It is full and accurate, as was the first issue of 30 years ago, and cannot fail to meet a wa m welcome everywhere, and will, no doubt, replace the former edition which was itself so excellent.

"Babyland," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, is a pretty little volume, the covers of which are a marvel of beauty, but beside that is an exquisite colored frontispiece, pictures big and pictures little, pictures grave and pictures merry, shadow and outline pictures—enough indeed to gladden a whole year of his babyhood, though he reads or hears read never a word. The reading matter is fresh, bright and ingenious. For the holidays and for all the year there is nothing to rival this bound volume of "Babyland" in the child heart.

Another beautiful little book is entitled "Our Baby's Book," and is a marvel of good taste from first to last. The exquisite baby face upon the first page with the lines that follow, in colored lettering; the fine page for the record of the birth, then one for recording the weight until baby is two years old, the christening page, the one for recording the first sayings, for the first picture, etc., are just what will delight the hearts of parents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The November issue in the Minerva Series is "Quicksands or His Double Life," by J. J. Fleetwood. This is a sensational story, neither very good nor very bad. Minerva Publishing Co. New York.

The November issue of the White Cross Library is entitled "The National Mind vs. The Spiritual Mind," and presents some very valuable thoughts for the consideration of the reader. "There belongs," says Prentice Mulford, the editor, "to every human being a higher self and a lower self—a self or mind of the spirit, which has been growing for ages, and a self of the body, which is but a thing of yesterday." It is of these two selves that he is talking, speaking of their differences, of how they grow, and of the wonderful growth of the spiritual mind. The material mind judges "from the material standpoint; it sees in your mind a body all there is in you. The spiritual mind sees the body as an instrument for the mind or real self to use in dealing with material things." Many thoughts which will help to higher living will be awakened by a perusal of this little book. Published by F. J. Needham, 52 West Fourteenth street, New York city. $1.50 a year.

In Lovell's Occult series is recently issued "The Blossom and the Fruit," by Mabel Collins. It is well written, of a mystical character, the story hinging upon the successive incarnations of a spirit, who is brought before us as a beautiful woman, first a savage, then rising higher in her efforts to attain the best. It shows how impossible it is to reach the higher plain if passion or ambition holds a grasp upon the individual incarnation. John W. Lovell & Company, New York.

A very handsome volume comes to THE BLADE from the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* as a souvenir of that paper. It is entitled "The City of Cleveland and Its Resources," and is a very creditable piece of work, indeed it is, and one that ought to attract attention to our sister city. Very fine engravings show some of her most notable public buildings and large manufactories, and there are also well executed portraits of many of her prominent business men. Altogether it is a volume for which the *Plain Dealer* should be congratulated.

It is not necessary to commend the bound volume of the *St. Nicholas*, which includes the numbers from May to October. It is a treasure-house of pleasure to all who may possess it, and is a very handsome book. The Century Co., New York.

In the "English Men of Action" series, issued by Macmillan & Co., New York, is "Monk," by Julian Corbett, a book that will be read with interest. The story of the life of this remarkable man is told in clear, concise and yet strong language, which brings a vivid picture before the mind's eye. It forms an excellent number of this most excellent series.

From the Boston School Supply Co., comes "Notes of Lessons for Young Teachers," by John Taylor. The author has spent many years as principal of a large school and knows whereof he speaks. He explains the "Essential Features of a Lesson," sketches the "Plan of a Lesson," discusses the "Subject-Matter of a Lesson," gives valuable hints on the "Manner of a Teacher," with a Short chapter on "Tact," and shows how to "Prepare and Give a Lesson." It is an excellent thing. 16 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

Literary Notes.

"Kit and Kittie" is the title of a new novel by R. D. Blackmore, now in press.

Wilkie Collins leaves a fortune of about $60,000. Matthew Arnold left only $5,000.

Thomas Hardy and Anthony Trollope are subjects of praise in the *Study*, contributed by William Dean Howells to *Harper's Magazine* for November.

Erik Brighteyes, the hero of Mr. Rider Haggard's new romance, is an Icelandic chieftain of the ancient days, and a perfect mirror of many glittering deeds.

Thomas W. Knox, the author of the popular "Boy Travellers" series, tells the tale of "The Talking Handkerchief" in the November number of *Harper's Magazine*.

The Rev. Father Johann Martin Schleyer, the inventor of Volapuk, it is said, can write and speak twenty-three languages, including Chinese and three African languages.

Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, assisted by his son, Mr. Arthur Stedman, is working night and day on the concluding volumes of "A Library of American Literature." Nine volumes have already been issued, and there are to be two more.

A copiously illustrated article on "Sensitive Flames and Sound-Shadows," by Prof. W. Le Conte Stevens, appears in the November *Popular Science Monthly*. It embodies some very curious instances in which sound has been found to behave like light.

George W. Cable's new book will have for its title "Strange True Stories of Louisiana." The tales are, as Mr. Cable says, and as the fac-simile reproductions of the manuscript show, "strange true stories that truly happened, all partly, some wholly, in Louisiana."

Elizabeth Balch, who wrote "An Author's Love," the so-called letters to Prosper Merimee, is a young New England woman still under thirty. Three or four years ago she published the story "Mustard Leaves." Her papers in the *English Illustrated Magazine* on "The Historic Homes of England" will also be recalled. Miss Balch wrote "An Author's Love", in France two years ago.

Miss Ellicott, the daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, has just published a musical setting of Mrs. Heman's poem, "Elysium." It is written for soprano solo, chorus, and orchestra and will be performed for the first time at the approaching festival in Gloucester Cathedral.

Lovers of good literature in general and of De Quincey in particular may like to know that the small library of his books which we owe to the diligent admiration of the late James Thomas Fields will shortly have an addition in the shape of "The Uncollected Writings of Thomas De Quincey." It is announced to contain many papers which have not hitherto appeared in any edition of his works, British or American, and is to be edited by James Hogg, who was in close association with the erratic essayist during the years in which he was occupied in collecting and revising his scattered papers.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Relives Mental and Physical Exhaustion.

A Tip for Greeley.

The following story from the *Pall Mall Gazette* provides for a season of true New England weather: The mayor of a small continental town, who decides the fate of the fire brigade fetes, is anxious to make the annual parade of that useful body as successful as possible, and, in order to be safe against the wiles of the weather, he publishes in the local organ the sage command that "if it rains on Tuesday morning, the parade will be held in the afternoon. If, however, it rains in the afternoon, the parade will be held earlier in the forenoon."

—Mrs. Jones hasn't a gray hair in her head and is over 50. She looks as young as her daughter. The secret of it is, that she uses only Hall's Hair Renewer.

SOME FAMOUS NAMES.

POPULAR AUTHORS TELL ABOUT

How They Came to Adopt Their Pen Names—Interesting Stories by Well-Known Writers.

[Written for THE BLADE and Copyrighted 1889.]

While to thousands the *nom de plumes* of favorite writers are as familiar as household words, to but a comparative few is known anything of the real identity of the authors whom the pseudonyms screen. And to even a smaller class is anything known of the significance of famous pennames, and the circumstances under which they were adopted. We all know, perhaps, that "Mark Twain" is a leadman's cry in shallow water, and that it so originated with the famous humorist. Likewise are the particulars of the pseudonym of "Charles Egbert Craddock" familiar. But these are exceptional instances. For the most part, nothing is known concerning them. Accordingly, for the past three years, I have sought by mail and by personal solicitation to prepare an article which should embody the facts so long withheld from public knowledge. I confined myself almost exclusively to living writers. The results of my efforts are subjoined, and will prove, I think, the most complete and exhaustive contribution ever made to the literature of the subject treated.

EDWARD W. BOK.

How "Marion Harland" Lived.

In 1850 I contested for a $50 prize story. I wanted to hide my identity, and so hurriedly made up a pseudonym. I took the initial letters of my first name "Mary" and my surname "Hawes," and pleased myself by conveying a suggestion of both names—a hint nobody but myself would understand. My story, "Kate Harper," won the prize, and thus came into the world "Marion Harland." Had her manuscript been "returned with thanks," she would never have been heard of, but would have joined the ignoble "unknowns" which had done duty before she was manufactured.

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.

How Max O'Rell Came by His.

My grandfather was an officer in the French army, and was called Max Blonet. During the Napolean war, he was taken prisoner by the English and sent to England, where he met an Irish girl, Miss O'Rell, whom he loved, courted, married, and brought back to France. Such is the origin of my *nom de plume*. I first used it on the title-page of "John Bull and his Island."

PAUL BLOUET.

Whence Came Naughty "Ouida."

My pen-name was born from the lisp of a little girl—a relative—who, calling me by my first name, Louisa, lisped it to sound "Weedie." I took the pronunciation from the child's lips, dressed it, and it became, as it has remained, OUIDA.

Bill Nye's Story.

You ask me how I came to adopt the *nom de plume* of Bill Nye, and I can truthfully reply that I did not do so at all.

My first work was on a territorial paper in the Rocky Mountains some twelve years ago, and was not signed. The style, or rather the lack of it, provoked some comment, and two or three personal encounters. Other papers began to wonder who was responsible, and various names were assigned by them as the proper one; among them, Henry Nye, James Nye, Robert Nye, etc., and a general discussion arose, in which I did not take a hand. The result was a compromise, by which I was christened Bill Nye, and the name has clung to me.

I am not especially proud of the name, for it conveys the idea to strangers that I am a lawless, profane, and dangerous man. People who judge me by the brief and bloody name alone instinctively shudder and examine their firearms. It suggests daring, debauchery, open defiance of the law. Little children are called in when I am known to be at large, and a day of fasting is announced by the governor of the state. Strangers seek to entertain me by showing me the choice iniquities of their town. Eminent criminals ask me to attend their execution and assist them in accepting Christ's respective to them. Amateur criminals ask me to revise their work, and to suggest improvements.

All this is the cruel result of an accident, for I am not that that kind of a man. Had my work been the same, done over the signature of "Taxpayer" or "Vox Populi," how different might have been the result! Seeking as I am, in my poor, weak way, to make folly appear foolish and to make men better by speaking disrespectfully of their errors, I do not deserve to be regarded even by strangers, as a tough or a terror, but rather as a plain, law-abiding American citizen, who begs leave to subscribe himself Yours, for the Public Weal,

EDGAR WILSON NYE.

From "Josiah Allen's Wife."

I really do not think I can give any very good reason for choosing the nom de plume of "Josiah Allen's Wife." I remember when I chose the name I had become rather weary of the more fanciful pseudonyms adopted by literary women, and I had a great liking for the sensible names of George Eliot and Artemus Ward. When I chose the *nom de guerre*, I did not expect it would ever become widely known, but I wished to choose a good, plain, sensible name, one that would, if ever it became famous, have a solid, substantial sound and be adapted to the characters in my stories. I took great pains in the selection, and thought for a long time before the right name suggested itself to me. Finally it came to me, and of my own creation. And thus "Josiah Allen's Wife" came into the world.

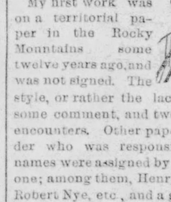
MARIETTA HOLLEY.

Dr. Holland's "Timothy Titcomb."

The name of "Timothy Titcomb" was taken by Dr. Holland only for its alliteration, as was "Max Mannering," with no thought of its having more than an ephemeral newspaper life. It was a name which the author would never have chosen had he thought it would be permanently associated with his work.

MRS. J. G. HOLLAND.

The Story of "Mrs. Partington."



The beginning of the Partington paragraphs was something like the loss of Mr. Silas Wegg's leg, "in an accident." There was no intention or premeditation in the matter, and the result was a great surprise to me. It was at a time when steamers twice a month brought news from Europe, and one arrival brought the intelligence that breadstuffs had advanced in price. This was the occasion for a three-line paragraph, which, I think, I "set up" without writing, stating that "Mrs. Partington said that it made no difference to her whether the price of flour increased or not, as she always had to pay just so much for half a dollar's worth." The name was not chosen, but it came with a sudden memory of Sydney Smith's dame who mopped back the Atlantic when it overflowed into her cottage at Sidmouth. I had no intention for aught beyond the moment. Flattered by the success of this virgin effort, which was copied everywhere, I tried it again, with like success, and what was done in a sportive moment became a sort of *point d'appui* for many things latent in my inkstand, until the little one became a thousand. I was surprised to find that Mrs. Partington was a bona fide name, and I regretted that, under the circumstances, I had not taken another, but it had grown into public favor, and would not be changed without being abandoned altogether, and, therefore, was continued until the offense became mountainous. I justified it to myself by laying the original blame on Sydney, to whose assumption I had merely given "a local habitation and name" on this side of the water. His character, however, said nothing; mine was garrulous, and that is all the story.

B. P. SHILLABER.

From Pretty "Octave Thanet."

Some years ago I was on a train going from Boston to Chicago. I had written a few newspaper articles and was ambitious for magazine work. I had not enough confidence in myself to use my own name, and I was casting about in my mind for a pseudonym. Just at that time my eye, roving over a row of freight cars, fell on the name "Thanet," written in chalk on one of the cars. I forget now whether it was a place or a man's name. Anyhow, I adopted it on the spot, because it might be Scotch (there is, I think, an Isle of Thanet) or it might be French. And I wanted to use the name of my room-mate at school for the first part of my false name. Octave is a man's name in French, and a woman's in English. So I put the two names together and first introduced the pseudonym to the public in connection with a story published in 1878. That is the whole history of "Octave Thanet."

ALICE FRENCH.

"Jenny June" Doesn't Like It.

My nom de plume of "Jenny June" was derived from a little poem of Benjamin F. Taylor's. The book containing it, by Mr. Taylor, was sent to me when I was about twelve years old by our pastor, Rev. W. W. King, then of Poughkeepsie, but who subsequently removed to Kansas. He marked the little poem with this title, and wrote that he sent it because I was the "Juniest" little girl he knew. Jenny June became an occasional pet family name, and when I began to write for the press, thirty-three years ago, I adopted it, supposing that it would be a shield for the brief time my career might last, and be easily relinquished. You can imagine how bitterly I have regretted the childish name, since I have found that it sticks and cannot be gotten rid of.

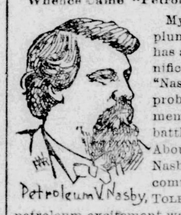
JENNIE CUNNINGHAM CROLY.

The Novelist Mrs. Alexander.

When I made my first venture and wrote "The Wooing O't," I had but faint hopes of success; and not liking to have my name associated with failure, I determined to use only the first half of it. I have (as is the fashion with you as well as with us, I believe) my husband's first and second name; and am Mrs. Alexander Hector. I therefore only dropped the latter. My first book was published in *Temple Bar*, 1872.

ANNIE HECTOR.

Whence Came "Petroleum V. Nasby."



My father's nom de plume, I hardly think, has any particular significance. The word "Nasby" was coined probably from a remembrance of the battle of Naseby. About the time the Nasby letters were commenced in THE TOLEDO BLADE the petroleum excitement was raging in Pennsylvania, and Vesuvius was used for euphony. Father never gave any other explanation of this pseudonym than the above.

ROBINSON LOCKE.

The Boys' Favorite, "Oliver Optic."

The words of the name "Oliver Optic" have no meaning in themselves; and I can best give you the information you require by copying a paragraph from the Boston *Past and Present*, for which I furnished the material many years ago:

"Mr. Adams's *nom de guerre* had its origin in this wise. The Boston Young Men's Total Abstinence society was more a literary than a temperance organization. Its meetings were for lectures, poems, debates, etc., by the members. Governor Banks was a member, so was Rev. Mr. Stuart (Methodist), Hon. J. M. Lincoln, Rev. J. A. Ames, some of whom here began their career as speakers and literary men. Mr. Adams wrote a poem for this society, which was published in the *Flag of our Union* under this captain: '1951.' A Poem Delivered before the Mutual Admiration Society, by Oliver Optic, M. D.'

"This was the first time he ever used the name of Optic. A drama, written by 'a gentleman' of Boston, was performed at the Museum, in which was a character, a philosophical physician, played by W. H. Smith, called 'Dr. Optic.' Mr. Adams used the name with the alliterative prefex of 'Oliver,' without thinking he should ever do so again. He next used it in a couple of essays in the *Young Reporter*. The domestic stories under this name were so popular, that he felt obliged to continue the use of it, even when he desired to drop it."

And this is the story of "Oliver Optic."

WILLIAM T. ADAMS.

History of a Famous Name.

How did I come by my nom de plume?

Most naturally and legitimately.

My mother gave it to me: the first part at my birth, the second "twenty years after."

She was romantic and liberal enough to fly in the face of old, Puritanic, and prosaic family customs, and call me "Grace," after a dear friend, an exceedingly lovely girl or Israelitish decent, and the accomplished daughter of a rich merchant of New Haven. This Miss Grace Ingersoll, by the way, had a history. Her father seems to have been ambitious for her, for he took her to Paris. When she was introduced into high society, she was recognized as one of the beauties of the court of the First Napoleon. She married a French nobleman, on whose estate she mostly passed the remainder of her life, quietly, and let us hope, happily. I sported her pretty name during my infancy, up to the time of my christening, which did not not take place till I was three years old. Except that we were a procrastinating family, I can give no reason for this postponement of that sacred rite. Yet I have always been belated in such matters. I did not have the measles "till I was in my teens, nor the scarlet fever till I was out of my twenties."

As ill luck would have it, just at the time of my christening, my dear mother was confined to her room with illness, and my more unromantic father stole a march upon her, saying, "I must have this thing over." He took me to church, when, wishing to do honor to particular friends of his, sisters and maiden ladies, "rich and rare," he bestowed upon me all due solemnities, the very respectable but commonplace appellations proper, "Sara"—"Jane," a little redeemed by the patronymic "Stuart."

They were strange words to me, and I felt doubly aggrieved when the minister not only flung cold water in my face, but called me names. Not though to the rest of the world graceless, I was always Grace to my mother; and when, in about the year of our Lord—well, somewhere this side of the "drift period," I wanted a nom de plum for my magazine stories, etc., and called on my best friend to cognominate me, she at once suggested my resuming the name which I had been thus and baptismally deprived of. I assented, but my dear mother had a weakness for alteration, and "Grace" and "Ingersoll" did not alliterate well. So she thought again, and in a moment's time gave forth the word "Greenwood," as the second name, which certainly had the merit of appropriateness for a rural writer, as I then was much given to wild roving and wilder riding in the woods. I had before become pretty well known, and been generously encouraged as a writer of poems—so called—under my own name. I used only for my prose letters and sketches the nom de plume, which for some time was a family secret; so that in literary society I more than once heard my identity discussed. I used the new name first in the *Home Journal* of Morris & Willis.

The literary field for women is not only broader now than it was in those days, but more inviting and flowery, with more honey to the square acre, and it swarms with bees and butterflies, bearing alliterative pseudonyms. I have often wanted to drop mine, as no longer appropriate in any way; but it will not be dropped. I belong more to it than it to me; and must remain to all intents and purposes except checksigning ("but that's not much").

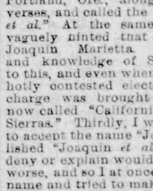
GRACE GREENWOOD.

From Caustic "Nym Crinkle."

The words "Nym Crinkle" were put together with the one purpose of disguising my personality with an odd but euphonious combination. There is no character to the pseudonym other than has been conferred upon it by the articles to which it has been appended.

A. C. WHEELER.

Named by Artemus Ward.



Artemus Ward spent several weeks with me on my plantation in Louisiana in 1863. It was here that, when in a very funny mood, he would call me Eli Perkins. The name Eli Perkins was a never-ending source of amusement between us two. Whenever Artemus wished to describe a certain character, he would say:

"Oh! he's a regular Eli Perkins of a man."

An Eli Perkins kind of a man was a dry, humorous, statistical man, with odd conceptions and clumsy movements.

It was thus that I came by the nom de plume of "Eli Perkins." Artemus Ward gave it to me.

MELVILLE D. LANDON.

The Wherefore of "Sidney Luska."

I determined to publish my first novel over a nom de plume, so that in case the novel failed I should not be handicapped by it. Then, as the novel dealt with Jewish subjects, I thought for the sake of versimilitude I had better don a pseudonym that would be Jewish, too. Hence, "Sidney Luska." The name "Luska" was an invention of my own. I never saw it elsewhere, though it is possibly a genuine name, nevertheless. "As it was Written," published in September, 1885, was the first story printed over the name.

HENRY HARLAND.

Joaquin Miller's Story.

Saint Joaquin was the husband of Saint Ann, who was the mother of the Virgin Mary, and is the patron saint of sailors. The shrine of Saint Ann de Bonpere, below Quebec, Canada, holds a life-size statue of Saint Joaquin. Secondly, Joaquin Marietta was a boy of good family in the San Joaquin country of California, in 1852. But some "roughs" despoiled his home, hung his brother, misled his wife, and drove him to desperation. The Mexicans were sadly treated by the Americans in the early Californian days. And Joaquin Marietta vowed vengeance. He killed at least twenty of the roughs with his own hand, and finally had a band of Mexican outlaws so brutal about him that both state and federal troops were called out. A reward of $5,000 was offered, and the brave boy was finally killed and his head cut off and exhibited in San Francisco. But many held that he never had been killed; that some other fellow's head was substituted to get the reward.

Well, in 1854, *I*, a long-haired lad, took up my abode with the then wild and splendid savages of Mount Shasta, afterward famous as the Modocs, and as no one seemed to see any purpose put that of plunder on the part of one casting his lot with these denizens of the mountains, not, of course, I was called a robber; and finally it began to be said that *I* was the original "Joaquin," and must be killed or captured. I finally had to leave my leafy home, and next turned up in Washington territory as a school teacher. Here I wrote up, in verse, a sketch of Joaquin Marietta. In 1866, when a lawyer and county judge of Grant county, Oregon, I published my book at Portland, Ore., along with some other verses, and called the little book "Joaquin *et al.*" At the same time it was still vaguely hinted that I was the original Joaquin Marietta. My horsemanship and knowledge of Spanish gave color to this, and even when a candidate in the lively contest between Hipkins and Harris, charge was brought up. This poem is now called "California" in "Songs of the Sierras." Thirdly, I was almost compelled to accept the name "Joaquin" after I published "Joaquin *et al.*" To have tried to deny or explain would have made matters worse, and so I at once, 1866-67, took the name and fitted to make it respectable. I can only add that I am not the robber Joaquin Marietta, and also should like to add that I should count it no great reproach even were it so; for he was *driven* to his blood deeds, and was not bad at heart.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

How She Became "Fanny Fern."

When she had finished her first article she tried to think of some nice name to sign to it; but could get no farther than "Fanny," which she wrote down on another piece of paper. Then her thoughts wandered to her mother, and to her mother's extreme fondness for ferns, and how often she had gathered large bundles of sweet fern for her when they were in country together. So, at last, she said to herself, "Why not Fanny Fern? It is a pretty name." And it was "Fanny Fern."

JAMES PARTON.

"Susan Coolidge" Has no Tale.

My reason for choosing the nom de plume of "Susan Coolidge" were very slight and commonplace. It came about by accident, as it were, and partly because the initials of the name corresponded with my own, which are Sarah Chauncey, and now

SARAH C. WOOLSEY.

Got it By Mistake.

It was in the winter of 1846–47, that, at the instance of Henry J. Raymond (then managing editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*), I wrote some rambling letters from Washington, D. C. To the first, and without much thought, I appended the signature of "Ik Marvel," (*sic*). The New York compositor, however, misread the matter, and printed "Ik Marvel," which seemed to me an improvement; so "Ik" I allowed it to stand thenceforward throughout my correspondence and at the front of earlier books. It is a short story, and not much worth, but here you have it all.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

An Interesting Story.

As to the origin of my nom de plume, there is not very much to say about it. Many years ago while engaged upon my first novel, "Phyllis," I happened to attend an "at home" at the house of one of my intimate friends. As I was about to enter the reception-room, my host saw me and came forward. He waved the footman back, and himself announced me to the guests, within, as "Her Grace, the Duchess." Very solemnly he said it, and being all well known to each other, the laugh was universal. Then somebody else took up the plot, and said the title well became me. I was a person of such an "august presence," being full five feet in height, and at that time very young and slight. This still further delighted us all, and from that hour the sobriquet clung to me. It was all very foolish, very frivolous, very light-hearted, but we were all young together, and a laugh seemed to us then the best life could give.

In England I am not known by this title. My editors here strongly disapprove of my making use of it; but on the first sheets of "Phyllis" it was inadvertently printed, and these sheets, uncorrected, were sent across the water. Hence your knowledge of me by that name.

There have, I believe, been foolish reports to the effect that I am dead, or else have sold the right of my nom de plume. Let me here once and for all declare that such reports possess no smallest tithe of truth.

MARGARET HUNGERFORD.

"Leedle Yawcob Strauss."

I hardly know why I happened to adopt my nom de plume, except that the name is thoroughly German, and fitted well into the stanzas of the poem "Leedle Yawcob Strauss" as originally blocked out. The name was received with favor, and I found the name of the poem so strongly associated with my own that I retained it; hence the nom de plume of "Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

From "J. S. of Dale."

My nom de plume of "J. S. of Dale" was taken from Blackstone and Cox, and the old law books. J. S. of the Manor of Dale and J. V. of the Manor of Vale were used as fictitious personages, much in the way that John Doe and Richard Roe were used some hundred years later. As I was a lawyer by profession, and desired to indicate that my stories were written by the unknown any body, it was natural for me to adopt the pseudonym.

FREDERIC JESUP STIMSON.

A Name Born of the War.

My nom de plume of "Edmund Kirke" was first used by me during the war, when I was writing lyrics expressive of the times. First, it was "Richard Kirke," but for the sake of euphony I changed "Richard" to "Edmund." I did not assume the pseudonym because I was ashamed to avow the sentiments of my poems, but for the same reason that a man fights better behind a stone wall. The name I scarcely think has any suggestiveness. I merely adopted the first name that suggested itself to my mind.

JAMES R. GILMORE.

A Conscientious Lawyer.

An interesting anecdote of Berryer, the great French lawyer, recently made public for the first time: Shortly after the war of 1870, the Duke of Brunswick, who had frequently employed Berryer in important cases, sent him a request that he should defend a suit brought against the Duke by his daughter, whom he had abandoned, because she had adjured Protestantism. Fearful lest Berryer might not like the case, he added to the papers a retainer of 50,000 francs. Shortly afterwards he received the following letter:—"Monseigneur; If I defended your Grace against the King of England and the powerful princes of your family, it was because you were in the right. But I decline to defend your case to-day against the Comtesse de Civey, your daughter, because you are a hundred times in the wrong. Berryer." And the 50,000 francs were returned with the papers.

Why They Lead.

Dr. Pierce's medicines outsell all others, because of their possessing such superior curative properties as to warrant their manufacturers in supply them to the people (as they are doing through all druggists) on such conditions as no other medicines are sold under, viz: that they shall either benefit or cure the patient, or all money paid for them will be refunded. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is specific for catarrh in the head and all bronchial, throat and lung diseases, if taken in time and given a fair trial. Money will be refunded if it does not benefit or cure.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets—gently laxative or actively cathartic according to dose. 25 cents.

Disraeli's Fondness for Primroses.

Lord Beaconsfield's fondness for the primrose originated when he was living in Highbury, London. Here he was much attached to a young lady residing in the neighborhood, who was the daughter of a gentleman of good property. At a ball given at that gentleman's house the young lady in question wore a wreath of primroses, and a discussion arose between Mr. Disraeli and another gentleman as to whether the primroses were real or not. A bet of a pair of gloves was made, and on the young lady being consulted and the primroses being examined, the bet was won by Mr. Disraeli. The primroses were real primroses, and the young lady gave two of them to the future prime minister, which he put in his buttonhole and kept, and used to show long afterward. Some have thought that the request sent a wreath of primroses to Lord Beaconsfield's funeral, and that the flower became his badge in that way. This is a mere invention. The queen did not know at the time that the primrose was Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower, and she did not send a wreath of primroses to his funeral at all.

Tremendous Moment for Boston.

Boston Advertiser.

The advent of a Boston bruiser into the theater the other evening, during the progress of a sensational play, was sufficient to distract the attention of the audience from the thrilling scenes on the stage to the—apparently—still more thrilling scene in the auditorium aisle. Two shop girls in front of the observer nudged each other in emphatic digs and hoarsely whispered, "That's him," while the pugilist, with a self-important swagger, moved ponderously toward his seat. After he and his party had been ushered into their places by the awed attendant the audience sank back into their seats with an air of comfort and satisfaction, and the play was allowed to go on.

Royal "Addresses."

The decision of the corporation of London to squander 200 guineas in purchasing a gold box to contain the congratulatory address which they propose to present to the Duke and Duchess of Fife, is not merely absurd and foolish in the highest degree, but it does not meet with the approval of the queen. There is no affinity with reason in the arrangement, which is the more objectionable because it creates an awkward precedent. It was given out that this marriage was to be regarded as altogether a private affair, and that only relatives, friends, neighbors and tenants were to interest themselves in it, and the corporation of London can not be included in any of these classes, so their egregrious address can only be regarded as another manifestation of their feverish toadyism and servility.

A Rare Bargain.

Smith—I struck a splendid bargain this morning, Harry.

Harry—In what?

Fine, big Newfoundland dog.

Been buying a dog, eh?

No; sold the one I had for a dollar.—Time.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES PERMANENTLY
Lumbago
SOLD BY
Druggist and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

A CONDITION.

Judge.

MRS. GABBECK—"Don't be brutal, Edwin. You *must* take Miss Gaddsby in to supper."

MR. GABBECK—"All right; if I must, I must; but I'll give you a new bonnet if you'll explain to her beforehand that I'm deaf and dumb."

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A SOLDIER'S UNMARKED GRAVE.

BY BIRDIE ST. CLAIR.

Shall I stand on banks of

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE's readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under any circumstances.

All About Gunpowder.

J. P. Loomis, Faribault, Minn.: Until comparatively recently it was believed that gunpowder was the invention of Friar Bacon, and that cannon were first used by Edward III of England. It is now generally admitted, however, in no conspicuous degree from the "Greek Fire" of the Byzantine emperors, nor the "terrestrial thunder" of China and India, where it had been known for many centuries before the chivalry of Europe began to fall beneath its leveling power. "Extreme care is necessary in securing the purity of the ingredients entering into the composition of gunpowder," says the International Encyclopedia. "The principal impurities are nitrate or chloride of sodium, or common salt, which in consequence of its tendency to absorb moisture from the atmosphere, would have a very injurious action on gunpowder. The preparation of the charcoal is a most important point. It should be light and porous, should yield a very small amount of ash, especially of carbonate of potash and other deliquescent salts, and should contain very little moisture. Willow yields about the best charcoal for this purpose. The Austrian war powder contains 13.1 charcoal, 11.3 sulphur, and 75.6 niter. The English war powder 13.7 charcoal, 10.1 sulphur and 76.2 niter. The three ingredients being taken to separate mills, are reduced by successive grindings to impalpable powder. The several materials are then taken to the mixing house, where they are rolled out into their respective proportions. The charcoal is then spread in a trough, and the sulphur and nitre being sifted upon it, the whole are incorporated, though imperfectly, by the hands. The next process is in the powder mills, where the ingredients are ground between mill-stones, and thoroughly incorporated in a wet state. So dangerous is this part of the process that makers are forbidden to grind more than 42 pounds in the same house at one time. All the bearings of the machinery are of copper, lest heat should be generated by the friction. According to the quality intended is the time during which this trituration is continued, from one hour to six, being that usually employed, and three hours the period in the government factory. The powder completely pulverized and caked by the moisture and the pressure, leaves the mill in small lumps, called 'mill cakes.' These cakes are then exposed for between copper plates in layers about three inches thick, and is subjected to an immense pressure, either by a screw capstan or a hydraulic engine. The next operation is graining, a process by which gunpowder owes its rapidity of ignition, and consequent explosive power. This is accomplished by forcing the mill cake through minute holes in a circular parchment sieve, the sieve being kept by mechanism in rapid revolution. The grains thus formed are, however, of various sizes, and that a good gunpowder should be homogeneous, it is necessary that that they should be sorted into the several sizes. This is done by the intervention of a series of sieves of different degrees of fineness. The last process is that of drying, glazing and freeing from dust. The first is effected by heating the powder to a point sufficient to drive off the moisture; the second, by the friction of the grains together in a revolving cylinder; the third, by the centrifugal action caused by the powder being twisted round at great speed in a gauze cylinder, when the dust flies off through the gauze, and the bright grains remain as finished gunpowder."

Was There Ever a William Tell?

T. S. R., Toledo, Ohio: According to tradition, William Tell was a hunter living at Burglelen, in the canton of Uri, Switzerland. His wife was a daughter of Walter Furst, who, with Stauffacher, or Schwyta, and Melchtel, of Unterwalden, organized the conspiracy of the Grutli in 1307, and founded Swiss independence. Tell's part in the revolt against Austria is related as follows: Gessler, Austrian bailiff in Unterwalden, put up a cap upon a pole in the market place of Altorf, and gave orders that the passers-by should do it reverence. Tell neglected or refused to do this, and was arrested and sentenced to death. Gessler, hearing that he was a skillful marksman, told him his life would be spared on condition of his shooting an apple from his child's head. Tell ventured the shot, and succeeded without injuring the child. Gessler observed that he had put a second arrow in his quiver just before shooting, and asked the object. Tell replied, "To shoot you, tyrant, if I had harmed my son." For this he was again put in irons, Gessler then embarked for Kusnacht, taking Tell with him. On the way the boat was overtaken by a storm. The crew, fearing for their lives, begged Gessler to release Tell, that he might steer the boat. He took the helm, and as the boat neared the point now known as "Tell's Leap," Tell sprang ashore. The boat came through safely, and later Tell wounded Gessler mortally with an arrow fired from an ambush between Bruneun and Kussnacht. Gessler's death was a signal for a general uprising; the Austrian bailiffs were driven from the several cantons and their castles destroyed. In 1315 Tell took part in the battle of Morgarten, and in 1304 was drowned while trying to save a boy's life. This is the main portion of Tell's history as related in Schiller's drama, but recent historical investigations put an entirely different light upon it. There was a legend of Tell long before the independence from 1240 to 1315 later. We do not know the names of the leaders of the Swiss movement, but we do know that there was no country of Uri until that of Austrian bailiffs as Gessler, Walfoueschiessen and Landberg, existed by those names, and no such men as Tell, Stauffacher or Melchthal. The popular version of the Swiss uprising, as given above, is now regarded as a distortion of the facts, and its prominent personages and striking incidents are imaginative decorations added by generation after generation from the 15th to the 17th century. Tell is the embodiment of a widespread Aryan myth. The Persian poet Ferdied-Din (about 1175) sings of a king who shoots an apple from the head of a favorite. Saxo Grammaticus in his "Danish chronicles," (about 1100) tells how Toko shoots an apple from the head of his son by order of King Harold Bluetooth. Here the incident of the second arrow is mentioned. According to Carriere, the Tell saga is neither history nor pure invention, but the reminiscence of ancient mythological poetry, recast and coupled with historical events.

Something About Cuba.

W. L. S., Stockton, Kansas: Cuba, with the islands dependent upon it, is the captain-generally of La Habana, which is subject in all branches of the administration to one authority, the representative of the Spanish sovereignty, who has the unlimited powers of a general in time of war, and is accountable only to the home government by which he is appointed. He is assisted by an administrative council, also chosen by the supreme government, whose opinion is taken in certain cases, chiefly in matters of finance. The division of the island is sixfold: civil, military, naval, fiscal, judicial and ecclesiastical. In its civil or political aspect the whole island is under the command of the governor-in-chief, who is always the captain-general; and is divided into five governorships, each in charge of a lieutenant-governor. The captain-general also has military command of the entire island. The naval government is in charge of a commandant-general. The fiscal administration consists of a central bureau of taxes and seven local districts. The captain-general is general superintendent of finance. Judicially the island is divided into two *audiencias*, which are subdivided into 25 judicial districts, each of which is in charge of a local judge or justice of the peace. The ecclesiastical divisions are two, and they are reciprocally courts of appeal, each from the other's decrees. The revenues of Cuba are derived from two sources, maritime and inland. The former comprises customs and light-house dues, ship visits, etc.; the latter direct and indirect taxes upon almost everything assessable, and lotteries. Cuba was discovered by Columbus October 28, 1492. The island was thickly populated by a docile race of Indians who extended to all the large West India islands and the Bahamas. They were soon subjected to the Spaniards, and in 1603 there were but few left.

"Fighting Parson" Brownlow.

Knownothing, Stockwell, Ind.: William Gannaway Brownlow, an American clergyman, journalist and politician, was born in Wythe county, Virginia, August 29, 1805, and died in Knoxville, Tenn., April 24, 1877. He learned the trade of carpenter, entered the Methodist ministry in 1826, and was for ten years an itinerant preacher. As early as 1828, he began to take part in politics in Tennessee, advocating the re-election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency; and while traveling a circuit in South Carolina, in which John C. Calhoun lived, he publicly denounced nullification. About 1837, he became editor of the Knoxville *Whig*, a political newspaper. In consequence of his trenchant mode of expression, he became known as "the fighting parson." In 1856 he published "The iron wheel examined, and the spokes extracted," being a reply to attacks made upon the Methodist church. In 1858 he held a public debate in Philadelphia with the Rev. A. Pyrne, of New York, which was published in a volume entitled "Ought American Slavery to be Perpetuated?" Mr. Brownlow taking the affirmative. When the movement for secession took place he advocated the preservation of the Union as the best safeguard for Southern institutions. In December, 1861, he was arrested on a charge of treason against the Confederacy, and detained until March, 1862, when he was sent within the Union lines. After this he made

I had tried best physicians and numerous medicines without relief for a severe cough and cold. A few bottles of Seth Arnold's Cough Killer SET ME ALL RIGHT. Many of my friends have used it, and, like myself, consider it the best cough remedy ever discovered. N. D. Stratton, Watertown, N. Y. 25c, 50c and $1. All Dealers Sell It.

a tour through the Northern states, delivering speeches in the principal cities, and published a book entitled "Sketches of the Rise, Progress and Decline of Secession." In 1864 he returned to Tennessee, of which he became governor in 1865; and in 1869 he was elected to the Senate of the United States.

No Truth in It.

W. Westin, Sherdal, Kans.;
J. T., Geneva, Kans.;
"Rex" and others:

Under date of Oct. 26 the Chicago *Morning News* published the following dispatch under the head "Morton's Rum Shop":

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 25.—A liquor license was to-day granted by the district commissioners to the Hon. Levi P. Morton, the Vice President of the United States, to sell whisky, beer, and other spirituous and malt liquors at retail on the premises at the corner of Fifteenth and H streets. This is the fist known as the "Shoreham," just completed by Mr. Morton. Under the rules of the district the majority of the property holders in the block must approve the application for the license. The only property holder besides the Vice President is Mr. John R. McLean, the proprietor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Mr. McLean appears as sponsor on the application. Mr. Morton's bar-room will be the handsomest in the city.

The Rev. John B. Shaw, of Chicago, inclosed a copy of this dispatch to Vice President Morton, and received in reply the following:

ELBERON, RHINECLIFF-ON-HUDSON, Nov. 2.—DEAR SIR: In reply to your letter of the 26th ultimo, addressed to Mr. Morton, I beg to say that there is no truth in the statement made in the telegram to the *Daily News*, which you inclose, that there is a bar connected with the new build ng erected and owned by Mr. Morton in Washington. The building is conducted as a family apartment house, apartments being leased by the year, and Mr. Morton has never interfered with the letting of them any part of it to be used as a bar. Very respectfully,

R. S. CHILTON, JR., Private Secretary.
The Rev. John B. Shaw, Chicago.

"Wealth of Nations" and Its Author.

J. A. B., Perrysburg, O.: "Wealth of Nations" was written in 1776, by Adam Smith, a Scottish philosopher, who was born in Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, June 5, 1723, and died in Edinburgh, July 17, 1790. Smith graduated at Glasgow University for three years and for seven years at Oxford. In the year 1748 he made Edinburgh his residence, and under the patronage of Lord Kames delivered lectures in rhetoric and polite literature. In 1751 he was chosen to the chair of logic in the University of Glasgow, and the year following was t ansferred to the chair of moral philosophy, which he occupied for about twelve years. In 1759 he published the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," in which he held that all moral emotions and distinctions sprang from sympathy. He resigned his professorship toward the close of 1763 to accompany the young Duke of Buccleuch on his travels. On his return in 1766 he fixed his residence for ten years with his mother at Kirkcaldy where he conducted assiduously his intellectual pursuits. In 1776 he appeared his "Inquiry Into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations," which is characterized as the first complete and systematic statement of the principles of political economy. It has been translated into the leading European languages, and has been read by every student of political economy from that day to this. Smith was greatly honored by his countrymen, and in 1787 was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

First Use of Knives and Forks.

Lydia Strawn, 1112 Madison street, Ottawa, Ills.: Some form of the knife has been used for many centuries, but forks were introduced into England in the sixteenth century. The custom of using them came from Italy. In the "Travels of Thomas Coryate, of Odcombe near Yeovil" (1611), he says: "The Italians and also most strangers that are conmorant in Italie doe always at the meales use a little forke when they cut their meats. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hande, they cut the meate out of the dishe, they fasten their forke, which they hold in their other hande, upon the same dishe." Queen Elizabeth was the first English sovereign to use a fork. Her nobles and people thought it a piece of great affectation on her part, and the example was only very scantily followed. So great was the prejudice against their use, even among educated people, that a bold divine in those days preached a sermon against their people using them, saying "it was an insult against the Almighty not to touch meat with one's fingers." Forks, however, came slowly into use; but even as late as the reign of George I. they were so rarely known that few inns provided them for their guests, so that "it was customary in traveling to carry with them a portable knife and fork in a shagreen case."

The Samoan Troubles.

Student, Westerville, O.: The following is a concise history of the Samoan affair: When the Germans deposed King Malieton of Samoa, in August, 1887, they proclaimed the rebel chief, Tamasese, as king, and installed him in the government house. Malieton was deported to an island under German control. A large number of his chiefs and followers were banished, and Tamasese was compelled to do the bidding of German officials. The United States and Great Britain declined to recognize Tamasese, and Americans in Samoa encouraged Mataafa, a near relative of Malieton and chief of the loyalist party. On Sept. 9, 1887, the representatives of the old dynasty proclaimed Mataafa king, under the title of Mataafa Malieton II., and war was declared on Tamasese. The rebels were defeated in several engagements, when the German war vessels interfered, and there was a sharp conflict, in which hundreds of natives were killed. This led to a protest from the United States, and ultimately to the Samoan conference, at which it was agreed that the old king, Malieton, should be returned. He was sent back, and was received with enthusiasm by the people. Lately came the news of the abdication of Malieton in favor of Mataafa. This is confirming the action of the loyalists in 1887, and in carrying out the policy then favored by the United States. Under the circumstances Germany can not object to the accession of Mataafa, and under him there will probably be peace in Samoa.

Kansas Third Party Claims.

W. P. T., Barclay, Kan., wants information on three points that he says are pushed by third party people in his state. They are: 1.—That President Harrison has announced himself time and again in favor of high license, and opposed to prohibition. 2.—That the W. C. T. U. is in no official sense an ally of the third party. 3.—That Mrs. Foster, of Iowa, acted as she did in the late presidential campaign for the sole purpose of securing a fat place for her husband, and not because of any action of the W. C. T. U. Even if these things were the truth, we see no argument in them. They are trivial, involve no issues, and do not merit the importance our friend appears to attach to them. As to the first, let the third party men produce their evidence in legal form giving the President's language, the place and date of the utterance; then let them explain what possible bearing the views of the President of the United States can have on the matter, as he is an executive officer, and not able to legislate. As to the second, the W. C. T. U.'s influence is thrown for the third party, as every one knows, and all their denials can not change the fact. As to the third, Mrs. Foster's views were the same for a long time previous to the late presidential election, which is a complete answer to the charge.

The First Meerschaum Pipe.

Smoker, Abilene, Kans.: In 1723 there lived in Pesth, the capital of Hungary, Karol Kowatee, a shoemaker, whose ingenuity in cutting and carving on wood brought him into contact with Count Andassy, with whom he became a great favorite. The count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a piece of whithish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity on account of its extraordinary light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it would be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Karol cut a pipe for the count and one for himself. He would work on them at odd moments during working hours without wiping the wax from his hands. He noticed that the wax gave the pipes a pretty brown polish and also that they smoked more sweetly. Other noblemen, hearing of the wonderful species of the clay, imported it in considerable quantities for the manufacture of pipes. The natural scarcity of this clay, Alcyon as meerschaum, and the great cost of importation in those days of limited facilities for transportation, rendered its use exclusively confined to the richest noblemen of Europe up to 1830, when it became a mere general article of fashion. The first meerschaum pipe made by Karol Kowatee has been preserved, and is now in the museum at Pesth.

The Dimensions of Heaven.

F. A. S., Chillicothe, Ohio, writes: "Revelations, chapter xxi, verse 16 says: 'And he measured the city (the new Jerusalem) with a reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height are equal. How large a city would that make?" This is rather a poser of a question and the nearest approach we can make is to reproduce a curious and interesting calculation recently made in the Charlottesville *Jeffersonian*, which is as follows: "Twelve thousand furlongs—7,920,000 feet, which being cubed is 943,088,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet, and a half of which we will reserve for the throne of God and the court of heaven, half of the balance, streets, and the remainder divided by 4,096, the cubical feet in the room, sixteen feet square and sixteen feet high, will be 30,843,750,000,000 rooms. We will now suppose the world old and always will contain 900,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation will last 30½ years—2,700,000,000,000 persons. Then suppose there were 11,250 such worlds, equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years—then there would be a room sixteen feet long, sixteen wide and sixteen feet high for each person, and room to spare."

The Term "Cracker."

G. R. Purkett, writing from Daytona, Fla., says: "H. C. F., Toledo, O., in THE BLADE of the 24th inst., gives an origin of the term 'cracker' which is the creation of his own imagination, and an injustice to very worthy class of people. There are no people living in Florida woods leading wretched lives more degrading than the most degraded Indians. The people of this state are industrious, honest and self-supporting. There are fewer vagrants, tramps or paupers in Florida than in any state in the union. I gave you some days ago the correct version of the origin of the term 'cracker.' The nickname 'corn crackers' was given to Kentuckians, I think. I came here from Putnam county, O., sixteen years ago. I came here a Republican, and am a Republican to-day. I have been treated well by these people. I know them well, and know what I am talking about. I am a justice of the peace in this (the eighth) district of Volusia county, elected by 'cracker' suffrage principally. When H. C. F., or any one else, wants to publish anything about these people, or any other people, let him get facts, and not publish a simple creation of his own fancy."

Executors Under Henry VIII.

Subscriber, Pinckney, Mich., writes: "In reply to F. W. G., Watertown, Wis., in BLADE of Oct. 31, I would say that in the book 'What the World Believes' published by Gay Brothers & Co., N. Y., on page 83 of Biographies of Important Character connected with Religious History, may be found a statement that according to Hollinshed, the number of executions under the reign of Henry VIII amounted to seventy-two thousand; and I think in the history of the Huguenots of the fifteenth century the statement is fully certified; and as absurd as the statement may seem at this Christianized age and age of the world I think it must be accepted as a matter of fact. Yes, under Henry VIII "Curfew" rang out the death knell of many noble men, for merely giving expression to honest (though unpopular) convictions."

About Some Battles.

James W. Sampson, Sidney, Ills., writes: Some one asks about the battle of "Pigeon's Canon." The battle he alludes to was Apache Canon, fought on or about March 26, 1862, or Pigeon's Ranch, fought two days after the latter, sometimes called the battle of Glorietta. The first battle was fought by a detachment of the 1st Colo. Cav., commanded by Major John M. Chirington, the second by the 1st Colo. Cav. and a detachment of regulars, cavalry and artillery, all under command of Col. John P. Slough. The battle of Peralto (which was not a battle at all) did not happen till some time in April following.

A Peculiar Case.

An Unfortunate, Fort Robison, Neb., writes: "I am married under an assumed name, never been known by that name, have eight children all of them coming under my right name, have my life insured under my right name; now what must I do so my wife will have no trouble in getting insurance in case I should die?"

You must have the marriage ceremony performed again legally, using your right name.

Henry Hudson.

Schoolboy, Toledo, Ohio: Henry Hudson, the famous navigator and discoverer, was born in England about the middle of the 16th century. In April, 1610, he started on his fourth voyage, during which he was placed with his son and seven others in a small boat and abandoned at sea. No further trace of him was ever discovered.

Miscellaneous.

Philip Mitchell: Decidedly not.

Mrs. E. C. Lane, 918, N. 23d st., Omaha: Write to T. J. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

Jas. W. McCarty, Ebbvelsville, Penna.: We know nothing of the firm you mention. See rules at the head of this department.

Addison Bain, DeCliff, O.: We have not the *present* address of the gentlemen to whom you refer in your pleasant letter of October 29.

D. W. E. Aimaratha, Mo.: We hardly think it would pay to republish your father's book at this time. It was written more for the people of 25 years ago.

T. D. O., Spore, Ohio: We do not know the address of the firm you inquire about, and could not give it in this department—under the rules—if we did know it.

A. D. H., East Toledo: For full directions for establishing a country postoffice, write directly to the postmaster general, Washington, D. C., who will furnish all the needed information.

O. P. Roberts, Downs, Ind.: The Oklahoma homestead law is too long to be published in this department. Write to the general land office, Washington, D. C., for an official copy.

——, St. Ignace: Rider Haggard is a tall, sleepy-looking man, about 40 years old. He has always been a great traveler, but is now in his home in England. His full name is Henry Rider Haggard.

F. Regge, Columbus, K.: 1.—Place the accent on the second syllable, as though it were spelled Hel-len-ah. 2. In piano, i has the soft sound, as though spelled pe-ahn-no. 3.—Hundred is plural. The plural of foot is feet, hence, hundred feet long.

S. M. K., Endicott, W. Va.: The civet cat, or *cacomixl* of the Mexicans, is about as large as a cat, but more slender. It is brownish yellow above, mixed with gray below, the tail white with six to eight black rings, rather full. It is an arboreal animal, and easily tamed.

C. C., Cottonwood, Mont.: There is a piece for recitation by B. F. Taylor, entitled "Moneymusk." If C. C. will send address and postage I will send copy. Claudia Pierce, Hutsonville, Ill. P. L. S., Chagrin Falls, says the above may be found in "Speaker of Poetry and Lyric."

Student, St. Joseph, Mich.: The battle of Mitton was so called by the Scotch because so many priests were engaged in the conflict. A meeting of clergymen belonging to a cathedral is called a "chapter." Hailes says that "three hundred ecclesiastics fell in this battle, which was fought September 20th, 1319."

Subscriber, Minburn, Iowa: Superintendent of Census Robert B. Porter will appoint state enumerators, who will have the selection and employment of the enumerators in the various cities and towns. A full account of the method of taking the census, with officers, etc., was published in a recent issue of THE BLADE.

Politician, Toledo, Ohio: The seven noted debates of Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, took place in Illinois in 1858, at the following dates: Ottawa, LaSalle county, on August 21; Freeport, Stephenson county, on August 27; Jonesboro, Union county, on September 15; Charleston, Coles county, on September 18; Galesburg, Knox county, on October 7; Quincy, Adams county, on October 13, and at Alton, Madison county, on October 15.

Subscriber, Luray, O.: Cynthia is the surname of Diana, derived from Mt. Cynthius, on the isle of Delos, the birthplace of herself and twin brother, Appollo, who is called Cynthius. She was, originally, an Italian divinity, afterwards regarded as identical with the Greek Artemis, the daughter of Jupiter and Latona. She was the goddess of hunting, chastity, marriage, and nocturnal incantations; also, goddess of the moon.

The World Takes Catsup.

One of the most wonderful manufactures of recent growth is that of catsup. A great number of factories have originated in the past ten years, and competing brands are as plentiful as those in any line or manufactured articles. Tomato catsup has conquered the world. In our younger days our mothers used to put up a supply about this time every year for winter use, and it was a condiment occasionally served at table. Now it has taken its place with the salt and pepper in daily use. Some people eat it three times a day, and many millions of gallons are required to supply the annual demand. This popularity of catsup has made tomatoes as profitable a crop as wheat, and many farmers plant acres of vines every year just to supply the catsup factories; at 20 cents a bushel an acre of tomatoes is always profitable. The farmer simply fills his wagon bed with the ripe fruit and hauls the load to town. There is no waste, for the riper the fruit the better for catsup. The old world is now using American catsup, and the trade is always on the increase.—*Toronto Empire.*

They Were Business Men.

First Stranger (burglar)—What is your business, sir?

Second Ditto (counterfeiter)—Making stamps. And yours?

First Stranger—Mine? Oh, I've just opened a savings bank.—[Sun.

So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.

Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the *Finest* and *Best* preparation for the relief of *CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.*

ALL Druggists. Scott & Bowne, New York.

INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

HOW TO TIE A SCARF.

The Most Difficult Fold in the Realm of Neckwear.

The underlying principle of the entire scheme of men's neckwear is after all involved in the tying of the straight scarf or cravat. The self-tied neckwear is, therefore, entitled to the precedence which the genuine article is always accorded over the imitation.

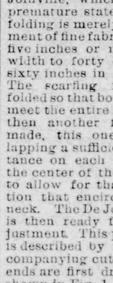
Without going into the question as to the ability to tie one's own neckwear to be a special and by no means unimportant branch of social training and one of the qualifications of the thoroughbred man, it is a matter of fact that a large majority of the youths and men of to-day either constitutionally lack the knack or deftness necessary to the tying of their own scarfing, and to that extent indicate indifferent as to their neckwear, or have not the patience or the time so to do, says the *Clothier and Furnisher*.

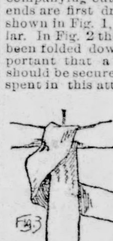
The made-up neckwear at its present advanced stage is a source of much grateful admiration to all such who may in the one allowably decorative feature of male apparel be thus enabled to approach closely, and without fear of detection, the true vogue in its various forms and folds.

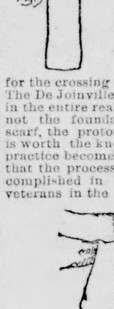
Artistically speaking, the high class made-up scarfings may be compared to the reprints of a fine copper-bitten plate, but the same effect self-tied is a remark-proof thereof, having in it perceptive touches of the expert's handiwork.

These, however, are strugglesome days, betimes, and the artisans of apparel are progressive and facile. The amount of artistic effort expended all throughout the various ramifications, from the designer's studio, through the silk room, until the neckwear has reached the sample room of the manufacturer, is indeed a cheering symbol of a pervading refinement during the present epoch.

The ultra fashionable styles of this season are based upon that most distinguished scarfing of the English peerage. The De Joinville, which in its premature state before folding is merely a segment of fine fabric from five inches or more in width to forty or even sixty inches in length. The scarfing is first folded so that both sides meet the entire length; then another fold is made, this one overlapping a sufficient distance on each side of the center of the scarf to allow for that portion that encircles the neck. The De Joinville is then ready for adjustment. This process is described by the accompanying cuts. The ends are first drawn with the movement shown in Fig. 1, snugly up against the collar. In Fig. 2 the upper and longer end has been folded down over the knot. It is important that a smooth, firm, even edge should be secured and a little time may be spent in this attainment, when the movement illustrated by Fig. 3, is to be made, disarranging the straight line of the cross-fold as little as possible in so doing. Then as the end manipulated is about to be thrust through and under the cross-fold, as shown in Fig. 4, it is deftly turned face outward, so that when the ends shall be smoothed out and drawn taut, as in Fig. 5, they will be ready for the crossing and the fixing of the pin. The De Joinville is the most difficult fold in the entire realm of neckwear, for it has not the foundation lining of the Ascot scarf, the prototype of which it is; but it is worth the knowing, and with incessant practice becomes so much a matter of ease that the process may be successfully accomplished in the dark. Several of the veterans in the house of lords can fold a

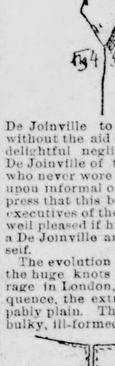






De Joinville to the acme of perfection without the aid of a mirror. There was a delightful neglige about the black satin De Joinville of the late President Arthur, who never wore any other style of scarfing upon informal occasions, that gave the impress that this best-dressed of all the chief executives of the United States would be as well pleased if his friends knew that it was a De Joinville and that he had tied it himself.

The evolution of the De Joinville into the huge knots and folds, at present the rage in London, and naturally, in consequence, the extreme fashion here, is palpably plain. The latest importations seem bulky, ill-formed and out of all reason at the first glance; but it has been said there is reason in all things, and the logic of the incoming of the big scarf may be set forth in a few lines based upon authority high and indisputable. The very fact that the De Joinville has long been the recognized tie of English society is a matter of the wearers needing careless, either with or without intention, as the case might be, in the adjustment of the scarf in the conservative fold. Frequently the cross fold would be drawn too hard, and, lying small in consequence, would not be caught by the pin when inserted. This was not considered in bad form, however, for there was the De Joinville trick—the infallibly correct neck-dressing—and what mattered it?



IN THE HAREM.

The Empress of Germany Will Be There a Short Time.

New York World Cable Dispatch.

The incidents attending the empress's visit to the royal harem are awaited with interest. The daughter of the Turkish minister at Rome and the daughter of Muslin Astin Pasha, both of whom speak French, will attend the princess throughout her stay in the Turkish capital. A gorgeous kaix, propelled by ten oarsmen, will convey her to the entrance to the harem gardens. The walls of the cabins of the kaix are covered with mirrors. The furniture is finished in blue velvet and gold. The oarsmen will wear garments of white silk, with gold embroideries. The sultan, attended by Kislaraga, chief of the eunuchs, will receive the empress on disembarking and conduct her to the entrance of the seraglio, where he will leave her, after introducing his mother, the Sultana Valide. The sovereign, accompanied by the sultan, all mothers of princes, attended by odalisque suites, will receive the empress in the grand saloon. The other women of the harem will be excluded. The visit will last three hours. A musical entertainment will be given, during which coffee will be served, and the empress will then make a tour of the apartments and grounds.

A Disgusted Cat.

Portland Oregonian.

In some manner a cat found its way into a cyclorama building several days ago. The man in charge attempted to chase the trespassing feline through the door, but the cat evidently thought there was a better way of escaping the rising temper of the irate man. It looked cautiously about, as if to avoid stepping on the prostrate forms of heroes slain in the battle. Finally its eyes caught sight of a tree. A projecting limb hung pretty low, and here the cat thought to find a place of safety. It gave one leap, and no doubt was the most disgusted cat in Portland when it learned, by sad experience, that the tree was on the canvas. It picked itself up and slowly slunk through the door, down the stairs and out of the building.

No Wonder She Failed.

The woman who tried to start an institution in New York for the spanking of children, to relieve mothers, has not made a success of it. She is from England, and did not know that the American child not only refuses to be spanked, but runs the household, and is particularly the boss of its mother.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

THE SKY IN NOVEMBER.

All About the Planetary Movements—Some Interesting Facts.

So far as regards planetary movements, the evening sky in November will be unusually barren. Jupiter is the only planet which will be visible between sunset and midnight at any time during the month. Mercury and Uranus vanished during October, setting with the sun on the 15th of that month, and, taking up the role of morning stars, joining Saturn, Mars and Venus. Saturn disappeared from the view of observers in the evening on August 18, Mars on June 17, and Venus on the last day of April. Neptune will be in the field of vision in the evening during November, but it can not be seen without telescopic aid.

Jupiter is not so favorably situated for observation as it was during the summer months. It will be in the southwest when it becomes visible half an hour after sunset, and will sink below the horizon about three hours after the sun goes down. This will be the interval between the settings of these orbs on the 1st of November, but it will be shortened half an hour before the month ends. With respect to the fixed stars, Jupiter's movement is slowly in the northeasterly direction. The sun's apparent flight eastward, however, being much the faster, it rapidly gains on the other. The distance separating them, as a consequence, is lessening at such a rate that by the time January 1 arrives that by January next is past the sun will sweep by the slower-moving body, and the giant planet will be lost to the view of star gazers in the evening, to appear two or three weeks later in the easterly side of the firmament just before sunrise. Jupiter remains in the constellation of the Archer.

Although Mercury is the most elusive of all the planets which are within the reach of the unaided vision, persons whose powers of sight are strong may be able to discern it in the early morning during part of November. At the beginning of the month the planet will be at its greatest angular distance west of the sun, or nearly 19 degrees from that orb, and will rise an hour and a half earlier. For the first few days of the month Mercury will be near its most favorable position for observation. Those who seek it and are not able to catch a glimpse of it then if the atmospheric conditions are auspicious, will not stand much of a chance of seeing it later on during the month, as its movement will be toward the sun during that time. On December 7 the sun and Mercury rise together, and on fifteen days later, will be in the field of view in the evening for a short time after sunset. At the beginning of November Mercury will be in the constellation of the Virgin, and by the close of the month it will have passed through the Balance and entered the Scorpion.

To early risers Venus is still an object of interest, although not in the field of view so long as it was a month ago. It rises in the beginning of November two hours and a half earlier than the sun, and less than two hours earlier than that orb when the month ends. The gap between these bodies is narrowing so rapidly that both will rise together about the middle of February next, when the Queen of Planets will assume the role of evening star, which she abdicated at the close of April last. Venus's place will be in the star group called Virgo at the beginning of November and in the Balance at the end of the month.

Mars, too, will be found in the Virgin in November. Like Venus it is moving to the eastward, but with a slower pace, and will not have passed out of that constellation by the end of the month. Mars rises an hour earlier than Venus at the beginning of the month, and an hour and a half earlier than that orb when the month closes.

Saturn is farther west than Mars, and is in the star group of the Lion. It rises soon after midnight at the opening of November, or two hours earlier than Mars. Rises an hour and a quarter before midnight at the end of the month. Saturn's career as morning star ends the same time as that of Venus, on February 18, these orbs, however, appearing in opposite quarters of the firmament at that date. Mars will not make its appearance as evening star until the closing days of May.

Farther to the eastward than any of the other planets which figure in the role of morning stars, Uranus will be found at the opening of November, but like all of them except Saturn it will be in the constellation of the Virgin, where it will remain during the month. In the easterly movement of the planets named Mercury will first pass Uranus, and later on Venus will follow Mercury. At the opening of the month Uranus rises a few minutes before 5 o'clock, and at 4:30 when the month closes.

There will be several conjunctions between planets and each other and planets and stars during November. The most interesting will take place on the 24th and 30th. At the former date Mercury will be near Uranus, and at the latter Venus will make a close approach to the same orb.

In the opening days of the month there will be a remarkable collection of planets and bright stars in a small space in the easterly firmament in the morning hours. On the 1st day of the month Uranus, Mercury, Spica, Venus and Mars may be seen near together, these orbs ranging from east to west in the order given, Uranus being the farthest to the east. If the eye moves farther to the west than Mars, Saturn and Regulus will be seen. This combination will be broken before the month closes by the passage of Mercury and Venus to the east of the place occupied by Uranus and Spica.

The most interesting conjunctions of the month in which the moon takes part are those in which Saturn, Venus and Jupiter figure. Mars, too, will be in close proximity to Luna, but the distance will be greater than in the other events. This occurs on the 18th. The conjunction with Saturn takes place on the 16th, with Venus on the 21st and with Jupiter on the 25th. At the time of these occurrences the moon will be 31½ days old, and will be 3 degs. from Venus, the planet, in each case, being south of our satelite. The only conjunction visible in the evening will be that with Jupiter, which will also be the closest, the Giant Planet being, at the time, about half a degree, which is equal to the apparent diameter of the full moon, from that orb. When this takes place both bodies will be in the constellation of Libra, the moon being about half way between its new and first quarter stage.

Although the planetary attractions of the evening sky in November will be scanty, its stellar glories will be abundant and brilliant enough to compensate for this loss. Vega, Daneb, Altair, Fomalhaut and Capella are among the first magnitude stars which will be in view at the close of twilight. Soon afterward, Aldebaran will be in the field of vision, and a little later on Betelguese and Rigel, of the constellation of Orion will be visible, while before midnight Sirius, the most striking and beautiful of all the fixed stars, will flash into view on the easterly horizon.

The King of the Sedangs.

Marie I, king of the Sedangs, who played a considerable role in Paris in the

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1889.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.,..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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Circulation Last Week, 105,000.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

We have received a number of orders already for THE BLADE tea set, and for the toilet set, advertised on the fifth page of this issue, and have been fairly deluged with letters of inquiry concerning it. For the benefit of all inquirers, we wish to say:

It is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now in fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere.

There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. The set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking-water, mug and vase.

They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement on the fifth page of this issue, and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the only ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

THE ALL-AMERICAN RAILWAY.

The Latin Americans, who are now nearing Washington, will soon begin to formulate reports covering their North American tour. Ex-Senator HENDERSON, the political head of the American hosts, believes that the congress will arrive at some close corporation alliance, looking toward an All-American railroad line, from Chili to Mexico. Such an enterprise should be a splendid investment within five years after completion. The main line would naturally take the survey west of the Andes mountains. In Peru, however, and a portion of Ecuador, a good grade is found between the Sierra heights.

It is known that the Inca kings, who held their political and religious court in Cuzco, had the best kind of roads thence to the seaboard, distant 300 miles. They also had an international highway, extending northwest to Quito, over one thousand miles in length. Mexico is the center of a system of railways which diverge in all directions within that republic, except to the west coast. From the City of Mexico to the Central American border is about 500 miles. The distance through the republic of Central America to the Isthmus of Panama, in Colombia, would cover not far from 1,200 miles; thence to Callao, Peru, 2,000 miles, and by way of Cuzco to Valparaiso, the commercial entry port of Chili, would add another 1,500. The entire mileage would not equal some of the larger system of this country, such as the Northwestern, the Santa Fe or Missouri Pacific. Within two years' time a trans-continental line will be complete between Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso across the Andes. The Argentine Republic also has another road reaching to the northwest from Cordova (the Chicago of that region) across the Dolce river to the Salado valley, and thence around to Titicaca Lake, Bolivia.

This would naturally make Cuzco an important distributing point. From Cuzco several travelers have made the journey down the Amazon to its mouth. Perhaps a better route would be to keep along the uplands of Brazil not far from the tenth degree south latitude. Cuzco is about 13 degrees south, and by passing to the headwaters of the Madera river, and following the same down 500 miles and thence across the Topayos valley to the Grande, and thence down to Para, would open up the most attractive portion of that great central east slope north of the cross range of mountains. The Nicaragua canal, the Panama road, the Brazil and the Argentine branches, would give liberal east coast outlets.

The people of South America will number in 1890 about 35,000,000. Formerly there were doubtless four times that number, for we know of some sections which held, three hundred years ago, about one hundred times their present inhabitants. Their foreign commerce is now a total of say $700,000,000, of which three-fourths goes to Europe. Under good government by the year 1900 much of that trade could be diverted to the United States. It certainly ought to be as good a project, financially, as the road to be undertaken by Russia across Siberia to the Pacific.

"TEETOTALLER DICK."

Read the announcement elsewhere on this page of Col. KNOX's new story, and then do us the favor to sit down and send us the names and postoffice addresses of your friends and neighbors, not subscribers to THE BLADE, whom you think would like to read the story, or to have their girls and boys read it. You can easily get ten names and addresses on a postal card. Please do it at once, so that we may send them sample copies of THE BLADE, containing the announcement, immediately.

LET every Republican carefully study the causes of the recent reverses and see how they can best be remedied. This work should be commenced at once so that the Congressional elections next year may tell an entirely different story than the voting of last Tuesday. The coming elections will have an influence on the Presidential election of '92; the recent contests were too early to have any effect upon national politics.

MR. CLEVELAND and his free trade allies should remember that the present Congress is Republican. This Congress will revise the tariff, but it will be on a basis of protection to American industries, and not after the manner proposed in the Mills bill. The country will indorse this revision in '92 with an emphasis fully as strong as was its decision against free trade last year.

IT is rather curious that while the Democratic papers are urging free trade upon this country, the Canadian press are urging an increase of the Dominion tariff on American flour, in order to protect the Canadian farmers and millers.

BEER AND BEER-DRINKING.

A subscriber at Clermont, Iowa, after cordially commending the stand THE BLADE takes on the Prohibition question, begs that we shall answer an objection which seems to have been raised in his vicinity to Prohibition. We give it in the form of a question:

If alcholic drinks are so destructive physically, how does it come that the Germans, who drink more beer and distilled liquors than any other nation, are the healthiest people? And history tells us that in old times—when people drank more beer and whisky, Norway and Sweden history speaks of many men of gigantic strength, and the people were evidently stronger and healthier than now.

There are two general answers to the question, both of which are conclusive. The first is, the assumptions that the Germans drink more in proportion than any other nation, and that they are healthier than other people, are not supported by the facts; second, as regards the Norsemen, there is no proof that they were larger and stronger than the men of today. The statements of the sagas to that effect are to be taken with much allowance. It is very easy, in speaking of a chieftain's courage, to attribute to him extraordinary physical strength; and there is no doubt that the legendary stories told around Norse and Swedish firesides for generations gradually took on a fabulous character regarding the size and powers of the heroes and vikings.

But the first query, regarding the German people, merits discussion, because the idea is widespread that they drink enormously, and that their health is not endangered thereby. They are not, as our correspondent seems to think, excessive in their use of spirituous liquors; their drinking powers are chiefly displayed with reference to beer.

Now, the manufacture of beer has practically undergone a revolution within the past score of years. Before that time beer contained a much smaller per cent of alcohol than it does now, and was not adulterated with all manner of drugs, as is the case at present. Any man familiar with the brewing industry in America will admit this state of things. Beer is not only more intoxicating, but the chemicals and drugs now added to it by brewers—which are used so that less malt will be needed—increase its deleterious effects upon the system.

It is the testimony of medical authorities that the excessive use of beer leads to many grave maladies. The liver and kidneys become the seats of intractable and ultimately fatal derangements, the mind is dulled, and the whole man, both physically and mentally, is deteriorated under the beer habit, even where disease does not ultimately follow. One fact that shows in a startling light its effects upon the mind is that the per cent of suicides to the total population is far greater among Germans than any other nationality.

It must be remembered, too, that it is a well-ascertained fact that the climate of America renders the human system less tolerant of intoxicating liquors than in the more moist countries of Northern and Western Europe. The effects of Rum are not so speedily visible upon its devotees as they are here. Hence, other things being equal, a man can drink for a longer period in Europe, without ill effects showing themselves, than can a man in the dryer air on this side of the Atlantic.

Our correspondent also should not lose sight of the other point referred to above—that whatever statements as to the effect of indulgence in beer may have been true twenty or twenty-five years ago, and its apparent harmlessness, it by no means follows that they are true to-day. In point of fact, they are not, owing to the radical changes that have taken place in the methods of manufacture within that period. These changes have been made but gradually. There was no sudden alteration in brewing methods, but, comparing the constituents and the percentage of alcohol in the beer of to-day with those of the beer of that long ago, the beverage is now far more harmful.

It is true that the human body is often wonderfully tolerant of deleterious articles of food and drink. The system appears to become habituated to their use, and the victim often sincerely believes that no harm results from their use. But even if no specific disease or derangement is produced, there is a general lowering of the tone of the system, and the drain upon vitality shortens his life. This is very often the case with those accustomed to the steady use of beer. As a rule, they do not live as long as they would were they free from the habit; the weakened life-powers render the body more vulnerable to the attacks of disease.

It is a well-ascertained fact, which can not too strongly be insisted upon, that any drink which contains alcohol acts as a slow poison upon the human system; that the evil effects are in direct proportion to the quantity of alcohol, and to the frequency of the drinking. Beer, of course, contains less alcohol than distilled liquors, and its effects are therefore more slowly developed. There is no escape from them, however, if the beer-drinking be persisted in. Sooner or later they will show themselves. There is no safety from the consequences of taking alcohol, in any form, into the system, save in total abstinence.

The fiction of the non-injurious nature of beer and other malt liquors is industriously circulated by the brewing interest, and it is the duty of every friend of Prohibition to see that it is met and exposed whenever advanced. The truth as to the effects of alcohol must be kept before the masses, as a part of the grand educational work that is necessary to be done before public sentiment is educated up to the point of the total destruction of the Rum traffic through Prohibition. When the people understand fully the truth of the matter as to the effects of alcohol, they will be eager to join in the effort to adopt Prohibition, and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power.

GET A WATCH FREE!

The attention of all readers is directed to the offer on the Trenton watch, in the Publishers' Department, fifth page. It is an excellent watch, and none have so far been returned under our warranty. It is the very best cheap watch in the market. We have several thousands of these watches, which we bought to give away to club raisers. To any one sending us a club of ten subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, and $10, we will send one of these watches free. We did not buy them to sell, but if any subscriber wishes one, we will send him the Weekly BLADE one year, and a Trenton watch, for $5. The watch retails in the jewelry stores at $5. Get up a club; you can earn yourself a good watch in a few hours.

SEVERAL of the South American republics are establishing emigration bureaus abroad, and seeking to induce the people from Central and Southern Europe to try their fortunes on this side of the water. They desire this increase in population to develop the natural riches of their respective countries, in order to meet an expected increase in their trade with their "older sister" of the North. Thus the Pan-American congress seems to be thus early bearing good fruit.

MORE than 50,000 votes were cast for the new constitution of Wyoming, and less than 1,000 against it. The women voted, for in that territory both sexes vote, and it remains now for Congress to decide as to whether Wyoming's claims for statehood are valid. If the decision is favorable, it will be the only instance where women have helped to pass a state constitution.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Those Republicans in Ohio who from personal pique, or from some other cause, contributed to the defeat of Governor FORAKER in the late election, would do well to read Senator HOAR'S discussion of the question, "Are the Republicans in to Stay?" in the *North American Review*. After refuting the accusation so frequently made against the party, particularly by renegades, that it is honeycomed with corruption and has lost its usefulness, the senator admits that some evils exist, but asserts that the remedy does not lie in going over to the enemy. He draws a comparison with the period of the revolution and says:

Washington and the pure patriots who were his companions set themselves steadily to resist and suppress the evils of their times. But they did not send to England for Benedict Arnold. They did not restore the Tories to power. They did not go down on their knees to George III, and ask him to take them back into favor.

It seems to be the practice now of those Republicans who see evils in their own party, which they deplore, to imagine that the only way in which these evils are to be reformed is to place the reins of power in the hands of the Democracy. By advising this course these reformers invite a suspicion either of their good faith or the soundness of their judgment. The Democratic party has certainly given no evidence by its past history that it is a reformative agent; but, on the contrary, that it is in great need of reformation itself.

Applying this to the recent election in Ohio, does any candid Republican who voted against Governor FORAKER believe that Mr. CAMPBELL is an abler and more honest man, or will conduct the affairs of the state with greater discretion, wisdom or economy? Does he believe that the men who direct the fortunes of the party which Mr. CAMABELL represents—ALLEN O. MYERS and the gang that participated in the tally-sheet forgeries and were responsible for the outrage of Senator PAYNE'S election—are reformers who will give us a better and purer government than the administration of Governor FORAKER? No Republicans can honestly answer yes to these questions. Looking at the platforms of the two parties and considering the speeches that were made by the advocates of both during the campaign, which were of the higher character, were broader in their desire for the public good and more nearly touched the life and health of the commonwealth? There can be but one answer. The Democrats in their platform advocated the free trade policy of GROVER CLEVELAND, which the people of the country, including the citizens of Ohio, indignantly and emphatically repudiated a year ago. On the stump the Democratic speakers, from candidate CAMPBELL down, indulged not in argument but in personal abuse of Governor FORAKER and in demagoguery of the worst kind. The Republicans, on the other hand, upheld the dignity of American industry and American labor, and promised it protection and encouragement. Principles of vital interest to the prosperity of the people were discussed on the hustings, and the canvass was conducted on a high and patriotic plane.

The Democratic party has never had anything but temporary success in this state, or in fact in any Northern state, and we are certain that one administration now will so disgust the people that they will retire it from power two years hence. The Republicans who loyally sustained their ticket, while regretting the result, are not discouraged, but will from this moment endeavor to lay plans for future success. Those in the party who either voted against it or failed to vote at all will be ashamed of their action, and will endeavor by extra zeal in the future to atone for their recent misdeeds or negligence. And when the next election comes Ohio will redeem herself and once more stand in the column of Republican states.

Referring once again to Senator HOAR'S article he says—after asserting that the men who gave character to the Republican party are mainly the men who have given character to the great free states of the North, while those who give character to the Democracy are, mainly, those who gave character to the slave states of the South—and to the civil administration of New York city,—that the Republican doctrines "give promise of health, strength, vitality and permanence to the Republic," while the doctrines of the Democratic party are in their very nature "temporary, short-lived, perishable, trivial, cutaneous." The six "essential Republican propositions" Mr. HOAR defines as follows:

The equality of every individual citizen with every other, not only in legal rights but in every opportunity and privilege of the State.

The obligation of the State to see that every citizen has an education which shall fit him for these duties and privileges.

The absolute freedom and purity of elections. The box where the American citizen casts his vote should be as sacred as a sacramental vessel.

The standard of wages must be kept up to the highest possible point. To that end the policy of protection to American labor must be maintained.

Polygamy, which destroys the sanctity of the home, must be extirpated.

The drinking saloon, which corrupts and debauches the soul and destroys the health of the body and mind, must be suppressed.

Senator HOAR believes that the party is in to stay and that the people will sustain it upon these propositions. The recent elections in the new states furnish encouragement that the new immigration west will provide large reinforcements to the party, in regard to which he says that "the steadfast, industrious, intelligent Scandinavian, lover of home, lover of country, lover of schools, lover of wife and children, finds his congenial place in the Republican party."

TO ALL GOOD TEMPLARS.

Your Order is devoted to the battle against the Rum Power, and is one of the great agencies through which the redemption of the land from its tyranny must come. Every one of you no doubt realizes that the watchword of progress in the temperance cause is Education! We must educate, *educate*, EDUCATE the people into a right understanding of the temperance problem; to realize that Rum is a poison; to recognize the traffic therein as the giant evil of our age and generation.

We ask you to read elsewhere our announcement of "Teetotaller Dick," our new temperance story, written expressly for THE BLADE by Col. KNOX. Having done so, we know that you will be glad to aid us in extending the circulation of this story among the people. We ask the proper officer of every lodge of Good Templars to send us a list of the members thereof, and every member to send us a list of his neighbors and friends whom he thinks would like to read this story. We will gladly mail a copy of THE BLADE of December 5, containing its opening chapters, to every person whose name and address are furnished us. Please do it *at once*, so that we may have the wrappers addressed beforehand.

GREAT preparations are being made in St. Louis for the entertainment of the delegates to the National Silver Convention, which will be held in that city on the 26th inst. It is expected that representatives from every state and territory will be present, and that some of the most earnest silver advocates will present their views in regard to the importance of the silver question upon the industries of the country.

Now that the elections are over, the campaign for the speakearhip will commence in earnest, and be energetically waged until the meeting of Congress.

MR. CLEVELAND AND TARIFF REFORM.

Ex-President CLEVELAND has been talking politics in Washington and, as has always been the case when he spoke without having DAN LAMONT at his elbow, he has shown how little he knows on the subject. "It is evident," says Mr. CLEVELAND, "that the leaven of tariff reform has at last leavened the whole lump. The West, which has suffered the most from the unjust burden of tariff legislation, has awakened. The tariff platforms of both Iowa and Ohio were abreast of the St. Louis platform on the subject of tariff reform. The people have considered and passed judgment."

If Mr. CLEVELAND thinks that the discussion of tariff reform by Mr. CAMPBELL and his supporters during the campaign in Ohio gained for the Democratic party a single vote he is very much mistaken. In fact, with the exception of FRANK HURD, no speaker on the Democratic side attempted to intelligently discuss the subject of free trade. Mr. CAMPBELL would make a brief and flippant allusion to it in his speeches, but would soon branch off into abuse of Governor FORAKER. The tariff did not play any part whatever in influencing those who cast their votes against the Republican ticket in this state last Tuesday, and if Mr. CLEVELAND knows anything about the condition of things here he certainly knows that.

The causes which operated to defeat Governor FORAKER and the Republican ticket were peculiarly local. First and foremost, as we have stated, the saloon element was determined to oust a governor who had honestly enforced the liquor laws and the Sunday closing law. The liquor dealers did not like the idea of having to pay the license required under the Dow law to carry on their business. They knew that if they had a Democratic governor, they could hope for a non-enforcement of the provisions of this measure. This was the ground for their opposition to Governor FORAKER. Then they wanted a Democratic legislature to repeal these two laws. They knew that a Republican legislature would keep them upon the statute books, and perhaps make even more stringent regulations in regard to their business.

Under these circumstances the liquor men put up the money to defeat Gov. FORAKER and the Republican ticket, and they accomplished it. They used not only their own funds, but they were supplied with cash from the liquor dealers in other states. The amount of money that was thrown into the state during the last few days prior to the election was something enormous. All through the campaign the Democrats were never at a loss for money, but were well supplied with the "sinews of war."

It is sad to think that a state could be bought, even by such a lavish expenditure of money, but it is a fact that cannot be denied; and that the saloonkeepers were able to raise so great a sum and to accomplish the object they had in view shows what a powerful organization they are in this state. This was the principal cause of Democratic success.

There were other reasons for Gov. FORAKER'S defeat, some of which have already been given in THE BLADE, and it is hinted that treachery on the part of Senator SHERMAN'S followers operated to largely swell the vote against the governor. This should be definitely ascertained, and if proven to be a fact, the responsibility of their action will be placed where it belongs.

The saloonkeepers don't care a rap about tariff reform, and as they were the chief agents in securing a Democratic victory in this state, it is simply rot to say that the result of the election was a judgment of the people of Ohio upon tariff reform. Mr. CLEVELAND need not flatter himself that, because Mr. CAMPBELL has been elected governor of Ohio, the state will cast its electoral votes for him and tariff reform in 1892.

RAISE CLUBS!

We are now prepared to offer greater inducements to persons raising clubs than ever before. We not only offer greater inducements than we have ever previously, but one that has a good deal of money for those who will get up clubs. Read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

But better than any of the above is our *cash payment* for a club, as set forth in confidential printed instructions which we mail to any one on application. This offers the largest price ever paid for clubs by any paper in the world, either this year or in years gone by.

We want *thousands* of persons to undertake the work of raising clubs for THE BLADE during this month, November, December and January. It will pay any one to write for our terms.

As an aid in raising clubs, if you will send a list of persons who do not take THE BLADE, we will mail each one a sample copy of the paper containing the first installment of Mr. KNOX'S new story, announced elsewhere. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM III. is becoming as much of a traveler as CLEVELAND used to be, when he kept his encyclopedia by his berth in the sleeping coach. WILLIAM is also an innovator, and is the first "Christian dog" of royal blood to visit the Sultan. The reception on the banks of the Mormora the other day, was an event in modern European politics. Heretofore England has monopolized, through her diplomats, the genial Turk and kept his harem in funds. WILLIAM now comes in as a perfect God-send from Western civilization, because the foreign office of the Britisher has been of late very close in providing a surplus to the "Most Eminent and Faithful One."

Germany is a tenderfoot at the business of running the gilded court at Constantinople, and the keen Mahommedan is not slow to perceive his chance. The young emperor is quite willing to sacrifice the ambition of his kin to promote his own, and that suits the Sultan also. He notes that the heir to the Greek throne marries the sister of WILLIAM, and, therefore, Crete is safe to the control of ISLAM so long as cordiality survives between him and Berlin. It is not so singular, after all, that he is a fatalist, for he sees that something keeps turning up to make him happy, and the luckiest of all who wear the purple.

THE reports made by the working men who went to Europe to contrast the condition of their fellow artisans abroad with that of the same class in this country are invariably in favor of our own country, and nearly all assert that Americans would not be satisfied to live as their brother workmen do across the water. This is a sad blow to the theory of the free traders.

GROWTH OF POPULATION.

The Washington *Star* recently published an interesting letter from Prof. SILAS L. LOOMIS on the probable increase of population in the United States during the coming years, and his speculations are much more conservative than those of some who have given attention to the subject in connection with the coming census. The late J. C. G. KENNEDY, an ex-superintendent of the census, guessed the population next year at 77,266,989, and a century hence at 1,000,355,802, while Gen. M. C. MEIGS, in an article in *Science*, estimates 89,738,000 for the year 1900, and 1,206,400,000 for the year 1990.

Prof. LOOMIS, who has made a special study of "the variables that enter into the population series," does not agree with either of these estimates, which are based upon a general rate of increase of 33.3 per cent. This assumption cannot be taken as correct, the professor thinks, because two elements which enter largely into our population will decrease in the coming years. First, he thinks that the rate of immigration will materially lessen, and it may be that aliens will cease entirely coming to this country. He says:

Heretofore we have enjoyed almost an exclusive monopoly of the flow of immigrants, but more liberal laws and freedom of action showing itself among other peoples divide the flow to our loss. The Free State of Congo will be a powerful competitor against us, and indeed the whole continent of Africa will offer inducements that will be beyond our ability to present. It would not be an unexpected result to find the emigrants exceeding the immigrants.

Secondly, her birth ratio, which has been growing continually smaller during the present century, may be expected to continue in a downward tendency during the next hundred years, and for the following reasons:

We must consider man as a machine, supplied each day with a given amount of energy. The law of the correlation of forces applies here, as well as elsewhere. A man may, then, expend his energy in various ways. He may increase his vitality, or develop great physical strength, or display great intellectual power. As he has only a given stock of energy each day, and, as a general rule, the intellectual forces predominate in this country in the strife for money and fame, he has no supply of energy left for the growth and activity of his vital functions. This is as true of women as of men and is, perhaps, sooner seen in the female. The enlarged requirements of social life and the great effort of woman to do men's work in all professions of life will most certainly depress the birth ratio, because her stock of energy will be all used up in the struggle for competition. This is already seen in all the older states of the union, and is well known by the medical profession.

The professor believes that the rate of increase will be much less in the twentieth than in the nineteenth century, and that the total population in 1990 will not reach 1,000,000,000.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

The articles we offer in connection with the Weekly BLADE are each and every one good for holiday presents. They are all useful, and in price come within the reach of all.

And a year's subscription to the Weekly BLADE itself is as appropriate a present as one person can give to another. It is not costly, but it is very valuable; it is a Christmas or New Year's gift that would be appreciated by a recipient of either sex, young or old. And of the other articles referred to,

THE BLADE TEA SET is as suitable a gift as you can make to a housekeeper—a husband to a wife, children to a mother, a brother to a sister, or any one to a lady friend. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and it is not only beautiful, but useful. It has already been described fully in THE BLADE.

THE CHAMBER SET comes next, and it is in all respects worthy of the same commendations as the tea set, given above. Read the description given in recent issues of this paper, on page 5, and see for yourself.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE makes a most excellent present—one of the most acceptable you can give a housekeeper. If a husband desires to gladden his wife's heart, this is the gift to make. Read the description of it in this or last week's BLADE.

THE TRENTON WATCH is a very timely gift for your boy at the holidays. It is an excellent time-keeper, is durable, cheap, and nothing will please him better.

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY" and "SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," those two very valuable books by Miss BOUTON, are extremely appropriate gifts for girls. Parents can present nothing that will be more highly appreciated to their daughters, brothers to their sisters (or to somebody else's sister), than either or both these volumes. See "Good Books," on fifth page.

"NASBY IN EXILE" is just the thing for the young people to present to father, and it makes a splendid gift for any one. This beautiful volume formerly cost $3.50, but it is now sold at the very low price of $1.25. We have only enumerated those three books here that we think specially adapted for holiday presents, though we have others that will suit many persons. See "Good Books" on fifth page.

OUR PICTURES.—Lastly, our five 25-cent engravings are just the thing for presents—Millet's "Angelus," Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," Munkacsy's "Christ Before Pilate," and "Christ on Calvary," and Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple." They all are elegant engravings for framing, and make appropriate holiday gifts for any one.

Be quick, however. If you contemplate ordering the tea set, or a stove, send in your order early—at least two weeks before Christmas—because we have to send the order to the manufacturers, which takes time; besides, they are shipped by freight, which goes much more slowly than by express. Watches, books and pictures, however, are sent direct from this office, and always by return mail, hence there is not so much need of haste. The same remark applies to subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE. However, order early, for the mails are burdened just before Christmas with packages, and delays often occur.

CHILDREN sometimes exhibit a great facility in avoiding snags while having their own way. In illustration of this an amusing instance occurred not long ago which is too good to be lost, even though it be somewhat profane. A little four-year-old boy had somewhere caught the emphatic expression d—n, and used it somewhat vigorously in his little tempers. His mother had impressed it upon him that it was extremely naughty and he must never employ it again. One day at the table he took in a mouthful of hot food that was decidedly painful in its effect, but he manfully swallowed it down, then with a very red face he looked up at a lady near him, exclaiming, "Aunt Nan, you *must not say d—n!*" Imagine the effect. One thing was certain—the little fellow felt decidedly relieved.

THE movement to remove the remains of Gen. GRANT from Riverside Park to the beautiful government cemetery at Arlington is becoming general throughout the Grand Army of the Republic. Other organizations composed of ex-Union soldiers are also urging that this be done, and the following resolution passed by the Old Guard of Washington indicates the general feeling on the subject:

Riverside to Arlington—In common with the prevailing sentiment of the Grand Army of the Republic of this department and of the thoughtful people of the whole country, the Old Guard is of the opinion that the time has arrived when the remains of our late comrade, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, should be removed from Riverside Park, N. Y., and interred in the National Cemetery, at Arlington, Va., that the same may be under the care and protection of the government of this great country that he did so much to preserve and perpetuate.

THE hope that Col. GOODLOE might survive the desperate duel of last Friday has not been fulfilled, for the gallant man who nobly fought for the preservation of the Union, though from a state which was largely Southern in its sentiment, who has rendered glorious service to the Republican party and who was loved and respected by all who knew him, died yesterday. The sadness felt at his death is intensified by the tragic manner of his taking off.

WOLSELEY'S WAR.

Lord WOLSELEY seems to be getting up a little campaign, all his own, out of the *Century* papers. The adjutant general of the British army, is recognized among the clubs of London as England's only general. He is a graceful writer and fond of talking war, or politics, when off duty. Whilst he is not a society man, it is a great catch, when he responds to an invitation, because he always has the rank, intelligence and experience to make himself entertaining, and is among the most distinguished of guests. He is fearless in his frankness, and that bluntness said to be characteristic of English noblemen, is not wanting in him. His comments, as found in the *North American*, are, unfortunately, too full of error to be relied upon historically, or for a representative criticism of the war. If he has an apology, it may be wise in him to have announced, as he has done, that he bases his reports upon the information found in the *Century* articles solely. Perhaps it would have been better to have delayed a little, before placing these very interesting discussions before the public, for he is to be in Richmond next year to make an oration at the monument of Gen. LEE. It is impossible for any one, however able or conversant in literature and the detail of print, to write of strategy in the field without a full knowledge of the topography of the region campaigned over.

When he does come to this country, it would not be unnatural if he should find himself impelled to write another edition, for he will learn many things which he seems to overlook now. It should have been known to him, further, that the monographs originally written for the *Century*, were, very largely and apparently, a campaign of personal defense upon the part of the authors. With few exceptions, the opportunity was seized upon, by them, to explain away as best they might, error in the heat of battle, which all military men find, so reasonable, after a few years of meditation. General GRANT and a few others seemed to have been great enough to have acknowled mistakes and to avoid all argument, but the most of them never blundered, if we accept their evidence.

General WOLSELEY is too high an authority to have committed himself to this task so illy prepared with official information, but he has done so, and the writings can only be accepted as a compromise. The general appears to be of that class of the English who were close in with the Palmerston ministry, which, only by the skin of their teeth, so to speak, kept us from a war with England, as there certainly would have been had they acknowledged the Southern Confederacy. His papers are, each and all, a monument to Generals LEE and JACKSON, and he almost fails for language fitted to express his admiration for their genius. It is a great trial to his sense of integrity, when he barely discovers any ability among the Union commanders.

Such epidoes are very rare and always with a sort of an apology to the secessionists, as if he still held some of their bonds in his vest pocket. It is not easy for European military men to comprehend the vastness of our war, for in their experience distances are very limited, and bases of supply close at hand. Our war was so unlike any other that a true analysis can be had only when the political issues and the motives of the combatants are considered dispassionately. As the historian BANCROFT has done, the man who undertakes it will come during the next century, but not in this one. No military man has committed a more exasperating blunder in the eyes of the civilized world, than Gen. WOLSELEY did in 1884–5 in Egypt. By his persistent delay he allowed Gen. GORDON to be murdered at Khartoum. Gen. CHARLES GEORGE GORDON was the "uncrowned king" and pet of English men and women, the "Sir Galahad of the 19th century," and nothing but English discipline ever kept the home people from the most indignant protest when WOLSELEY let go the opportunity to return him alive. GORDON was in communication with him daily and kept urging him forward, but Kartoum fell on January 26, 1885, and WOLSELEY'S advance did not reach there till the 28th, just two days behind time. This reminiscence naturally arises when one reads the scoring he gives LONGSTREET in his last article, for being two hours behind at the Rapidan Crossing in May, 1864. WOLSELEY, however, be it observed, never fails to score the record of General LONGSTREET, and for obvious reasons. But the most wonderful discovery, both to the soldiers of the North and South, is his late comparison of General BEAUREGARD at Charleston to TODLEBEM at Sebastapol. It is hard to conceive of such a statement, other than as what Mr. A. WARD would have called a sarcasm. If Russia were heretofore wanting in a sufficient cause to go to war with England, it could be found in such an allusion to her most eminent late general and engineer.

WOLSELEY'S articles to most of us will be regarded as a sort of *kabbalah* of the Army clubs, "a doctrine received by tradition," and not unlike that same document, will cost much discussion among his fellows and their successors. Taken all in all, so far, it may be ranked as more of a contribution to the "romances of the war," than otherwise.

SATISFIED WITH THE TEA SET.

THE BLADE tea set is giving great satisfaction wherever received. Here is what a subscriber says who took our $7.50 offer:

BROOKVILLE, Pa., Nov. 4, 1889.

Toledo Blade Company:

SIRS:—Seeing your offer in THE BLADE—which I take and have taken for several years, the I think it the first-class family paper—of your tea set, I at once accepted your offer and have received the set. It is as represented, or even better than was expected, the ware being of a No. 1 material, and the printing or decoration, we think, is much better than described in the paper. It came well packed, not a single piece being broken, cracked or chipped in the 80 pieces. I can recommend it to any one wishing a set of this kind. The beauty in the decoration is there are no two pieces decorated alike. The designs are all beautiful, and I think the china very cheap at the $7.50 which I paid, as I had not the time to procure the necessary number of subscribers. Wishing you success in circulating your valuable paper, I remain, yours truly, WILLIAM DEMOTT, Brookville, Pa.

THE German and Austrian press have followed the lead of the English newspapers in criticising the policy of the United States in the Pan-American Congress. Mr. BLAINE is in some instances personally attacked and it is asserted that he is treading on dangerous ground in his attempt to unite the South American republics in commercial bonds to this country. This course was expected, for every monarchial country in Europe fears a union of the republics on this continent. It not only would interfere seriously with the profits which have heretofore gone across the Atlantic, but it effectually shuts out all hope of any government of the Old World acquiring a protectorate over the republics of South America. A closer union of those republics with the United States will strengthen their republicanism and render them less liable to internal dissension. We must be prepared for European hostility to our scheme for a closer commercial union of the American republics, but we can stand that, if we succeed.

NORTH and South Dakota are now full fledged states, the President's proclamation, just issued, being the last step in the path to complete statehood. They form a pair of promising twins, and are the first children born to Uncle Sam since 1876, when Colorado, the Centennial State, was admitted to the Union.

MONTANA'S legislature is Republican, and her first two Senators will be of that political faith. The four new states send a solid delegation of eight Republican United States Senators.

OUR NEW STORY.

Col. Knox Has Completed Writing "Teetotaller Dick."

Some Interesting Details About It From the Author.

Very truly Yours
Thos. W. Knox

Col. KNOX informs us that he has completed our new serial story, which will be begun, as we have already announced, in the Weekly BLADE of December 5. This serial has been written expressly for THE BLADE, and is entitled:

TEETOTALLER DICK

His Adventures, Temptations and Triumphs.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS," "CAMP FIRE AND COTTON FIELDS," "UNDERGROUND," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," ETC., ETC.

Our readers are already familiar with the outline of the story, as it has been given in these columns; but we have received a letter from the author, from which we extract the following additional details, that will be found very interesting:

* * * * * * * * *

In addition to the effect of alcoholic beverages from medical, moral, physical and social points of view, I have, as you are aware, touched upon the view which is taken of drinking by the life insurance companies. I obtained this directly from a medical examiner for one of the largest companies, and also from the experience of a personal friend of mine, who tried to get his life insured, but was rejected in consequence of his drinking habits.

The physical and moral effects of beer come in for full investigation, and I think I have thoroughly shown the fallacy of the belief that malt liquors are strengthening and nutritious. The small amount of nutriment that is to be found in beer will astonish many of your readers; it certainly astonished me when I went to the bottom of my investigations.

It is probable, also, that many of your readers will be astonished at the annual amount of the nation's drink-bill, as it is set forth in the story, from unimpeachable authorities. I have touched upon the present phases of the temperance question, and given the arguments of the strict Prohibitionists on the one hand, and the High License advocates on the other.

The various ways of combating the drink evil of the day are considered, and I think there are several points brought out that will be new to the great majority of newspaper readers. Many of the incidents, illustrations and anecdotes in the story are from my own observation; but, wherever necessary, the names and locations have been changed, so that identification will be difficult, and in most cases impossible.

As you have already announced, the story begins in New England, then shifts to New York, and then across the Atlantic to other parts of the world. The drinking, as well as the non-drinking, habits of several countries are set forth, and interspersed with anecdotes of travel and adventure, that will, I hope, relieve the story from any likelihood of being tedious. England, France, Italy, Greece Turkey, Egypt, India, China and Japan are touched in the course of the narrative, and there are incidental allusions to other countries.

* * * * * * * * *

It will be seen that the story, while intensely interesting, as are all of Col. KNOX'S writings, will deal with the drink problem in a way that will make it understood by all readers, and especially by the young. Our great anxiety now is to have it reach the widest possible circle of readers. To this end we invite the hearty co-operation of

All parents,
Teachers in the public schools,
All interested in our Sunday schools,
All ministers of the Gospel,
Members of the order of Good Templars,
Members of the Sons of Temperance, and
of all other temperance organizations.

We ask all of our readers who come under any of the above designations, to interest themselves in bringing this story to the notice of their children, their pupils, their Sunday schools scholars, and the children of their congregations.

Especially do we ask ministers and members of temperance organizations to interest themselves in the work of sending us lists of names of persons, not patrons of THE BLADE, to whom we may send sample copies of the issue which will contain the opening chapters, with announcement.

No better cause can appeal to you. Youth is the seed-time; and the way to have boys grow up temperate is to teach them in childhood the dangers of Rum-drinking. Young people love stories, and "Teetotaller Dick" is a pure, strong, clean tale, which the most careful parent need not hesitate to put into the hands of his children. The lessons it teaches on temperance will be so impressed that they will never be forgotten.

To aid in the cause of temperance education, send us lists of names, no matter how many. We will be glad to send, to every address you furnish, a copy of the issue of December 5, containing the opening of the story. Here is an opportunity to do a vast deal of good, and to do it easily. Send in your lists of names AT ONCE, so that we can have the wrappers written.

THE Democratic leaders, taking their cue from ex-President CLE

IN OLD GERMAN TOWNS.

Experiences During a Nine Weeks' Vacation in Northern Germany.

BY ROBINSON LOCKE.

GOING by rail from Hamburg almost due south to Mannheim is an extremely interesting ride. Especially so was it during the last of July and early in August. We left Hamburg just as the farmers were getting ready for the harvest. The season was a little late and, in the vicinity of Hamburg, the wheat, during the last week of July, did not look at all well. But as we went further south there was a decided improvement noticeble. The golden grain, all ready for the harvest, waved gently in the summer breeze as though inviting the reaper and his merry companions.

That may be a very pretty figure of speech, but it fails utterly to convey any adequate idea of the existing state of affairs. In the first place the reaper and his companions are not merry, and secondly, waiving grain, no matter how beautiful it may seem, dotting the hillside with great yellow patches, is not in the habit of issuing invitations to its own destruction. To American eyes the sight presented was a peculiar one.

Some years ago I had the pleasure of riding through the great Dalrymple wheat

A GERMAN RAILWAY STATION.

farm in Dakota. There stood forty thousand acres of wheat ready for the harvest, which had, in fact, already commenced when we were there. As we stood at one of the corners made by the roads dividing the vast tract into squares, there were counted eight or ten strings of self- binding mowers and reapers, each string composed of six machines. They followed each other in close succession, and each string of six mowers and reapers cut a swath twenty-four feet wide.

The wheat fell with surprising rapidity, and the sheaves, all tied with wire, or string, were as quickly loaded on wagons and carried to the steam thresher, where the hard grain was pounded out, in an unceasing stream, into great bags, which were loaded upon freight cars side tracked there ready to rush the precious stuff to Duluth or Minneapolis or Chicago, thence to go all over the world, in some shape or other.

As we sped leisurely along the valleys of Central Germany (I say sped leisurely advisedly, for though we had to pay extra for the privelege of riding on the "schnell zug," or fast train, the cars ambled along easily at the rate of about twenty miles an hour), I could not help contrasting the harvest scene there with the same thing in America.

Between Hannover and Cassel, and from Cassel to Frankfort-on-the-Main, the road runs through a very rich agricultural country. The little farms, as seen from the car windows, were as neat and well kept as can be imagined. There was every evidence of thrift and prosperity. The farming villages were clean and tidy, and the people seemed to be prosperous and happy. And no doubt they are, though I doubt very much whether they would be if they knew the difference between their lot and that of the intelligent farmer on the American side of the Atlantic.

During all the trip from Hamburg to Mannheim, from Northern Germany to the southern central part, but one mowing machine was seen, and that was of a primitive kind, such as a bright American boy could make out of odds and ends found in the tool house. How was the wheat harvested then, do you ask?

Just as it was years ago. An old-fashioned scythe is wielded by a brawny armed peasant, who goes up and down the field, with slow, laborious steps, swinging the heavy cutter; now and then he stops to whet the dull blade, and then on he goes, plodding along in a matter-of-fact sort of a way, as though the grain had to be cut sometime and he did not care particularly whether the job were finished to-day, to-morrow or next week some time.

There was no hurry, no attempt to save time. Any such attempt would have been useless, for Time can always beat a scythe, no matter how vigorously it be swung. There were no great wagons surrounded by lusty boys piling high the golden sheaves. There were no sturdy horses drawing the loaded vans to the thresher. And there were no threshers seen on the grounds. In short it was a tame and uneventful scene, devoid of all the features that make an American harvest field so full of life and animation.

The women play an important part in this branch of German life, however, as they do in every other. Upon them devolves the duty of gathering and binding the wheat and properly caring for it until it is carried off the field.

It was an edifying spectacle to see these women in the harvest field. They were arrayed in short woolen skirts that came just below the knee. When they wore shoes and stockings, the latter were of home manufacture and of a course gray yarn, and the former of wood, or sometimes of home-tanned hide. Over the head and tied around the ample waist was a white cloth that served to keep off the burning rays of the harvest sun. Their brawny arms were bare, and were as brown and hard as that of any village blacksmith standing under the spreading chestnut tree.

All day long and far into the night these women slaved in the field, not only binding wheat but stacking it, and when needed pitching it in the wagons that carried it off to the threshers. They work just as hard and just as long as the men and seemed physically able to stand as much as their husbands, fathers and sweethearts. Age makes no difference. Every one who is able to do anything is obliged to do her share even if it is only to put the strap of a hay rake over her shoulders and rake hay all day, an occupation we saw a girl of about 14 engaged in near Cassel.

This slow and deliberate manner of getting in wheat seemed strange enough when one remembered the rapidity with which the American farmer takes care of his grain, and one can wonder why it is that a nation that has made the progress that Germany has during the past decade in the arts and sciences should stand still in such an important factor in her material prosperity. She has to-day the most efficient war vessels that sail the seas. But mowing machines in her harvest fields are rarities. Her enormous standing army is equipped with the very latest and best repeating rifles and rifled cannon. And her women toil in the fields like common day laborers. She has the telegraph, the telephone and the electric light, and only too often the old-time flail is used to thrash the wheat that is still being ground into flour by the same old wind-mill whose great arms went sailing around with every wind generations ago.

I have often been asked if the stories about women working in the fields in Germany, Switzerland and France were not exaggerated. There is no exaggeration about it. I will not undertake to say how generally it obtains, but I will say that during the long ride from Hamburg to Mannheim there was not a party of harvesters in the wheat fields where there were not as many women as men at work. The absence of modern farm machinery was too noticeable to escape attention, and one could but think there is a screw loose somewhere.

True, poverty is pleaded. And there is no denying the fact that the German peasants are poor. We stopped off for a couple of hours at Bebra, a pretty little place between Cassel and Frankfort, and put in the two hours' time we had there waiting for a train, by driving up the valley.

That two hours' drive gave me a deeper insight into the real condition of the people than could be obtained by months among the cities and large towns. We are altogether too apt to form our ideas of foreign countries by the condition of the cities, when from the very nature of things we only see the best side of city life.

Here in Bebra it was entirely different. We had a spanking team of horses and a comfortable trap, and with an intelligent driver we rattled off over the smooth road, and soon left the little railway station far behind.

All that part of the country is thickly settled. That is to say there are innumerable villages, say a mile or so apart. During this ride we passed through three such villages.

They were a constant source of surprise. The preconceived idea of German cleanliness, thrift and prosperity, formed by what could be seen from the window of a moving railway car, received a severe shock. Actual contact dispelled the enchantment lent by distance. I am not prepared to say that all German villages, or dorfs as these little settlements are called, are all on a plane with those through which we passed. It is to be hoped they are not.

It may be that we happened to strike a peculiar part of the country, and the only part where such a state of affairs exists. Be that as it may, it is nevertheless a fact that these dorfs were anything but pleasant to look upon.

In the first place the principal street seemed to be used as a receptacle for all the garbage in the place. Pigs and geese and chickens found a good living off the refuse that was dumped in this main thoroughfare in the most prodigal fashion.

The houses were small and ill-built and from the glimpses we had, through open doors, of the interior, were anything but comfortable. In many of them the earth floors were covered with patches of hay and straw. The little windows were guiltless of curtains, and there was a general appearance of poverty that was accentuated by the little children playing barefooted in the mud in the little yard between the low thatch-roofed house and the equally low barn behind.

Such was the state of affairs in the lovely valley near Bebra, and one could not help contrasting the poverty of these peasants with the splendors of the palace at Cassel, of the magnificence of the apartments of the royal family, and their hosts of dependants, in Berlin.

In a conversation with an intelligent German he let fall some observations that seemed, to him at least, to explain the cause of the peasants' poverty and the princes' prodigality. He said: "The fact is that Germany is being taxed to death. We have an expensive ruler and he has a wide-spreading family, every member of which, is as extravagant in his way as their head.

"These princelings must be supported. They are non-producers and must live at the expense of the producers. What is the

HEIDELBERG STUDENTS.

result? Taxes. Those poor people you saw at Bebra are taxed so high that they can't live better, if they would. We have an enormous standing army. It takes money to keep it going. We have a navy that eats money frightfully. We have Princes and Princesses, with their country houses, and their city mansions, and their army of servants and parasites, all of whom draw enormous salaries, which the poor people are taxed to pay."

There was certainly food for reflection in his remarks and as he was a tax payer he knew what he was talking about.

From Bebra, a sketch of whose railway station is given in the accompanying cut, we went on the Frankfort-on-the-Main, and from there to Maunheim and Heidelberg.

ROBINSON LOCKE.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXXIII.

KENTUCKY! OH, KENTUCKY!

The following amusing lines were written after the first Mo gun raid, by General J. D. Cox, of Ohio, and published in the Cincinnati *Gazette* of June 10, 1864.

I.

John Morgan's foot is on thy shore,
Kentucky! oh, Kentucky!
His hand is on thy stable door,
Kentucky! oh, Kentucky!
You'll see your good gray mare no more,
He'll ride her till her back is sore,
And leave her at some stranger's door,
Kentucky! oh, Kentucky!

II.

For feeding John you're paying dear,
Kentucky! oh, Kentucky!
His very name now makes you fear,
Kentucky! oh, Kentucky!
In every valley, far and near,
He's gobbled every horse and steer;
You'll rue his raids for many a year,
Kentucky! oh, Kentucky!

III.

Yet you have many a traitorous fool,
Kentucky! oh, Kentucky!
Who still will be the rebels' tool,
Kentucky! oh, Kentucky!
They'll learn to yield to Abram's rule
In none but Johnny's costly school,
At cost of every animule,
Kentucky! oh, Kentucky!

HOMESPUN PLAID.

BY M. M. BOYER, CO. G, 39TH IOWA INF.

Oh, call me not a Southern girl,
I'm weary of the name;
This pompous boast was once my pride,
But now it is my shame.
Oh, how I grudge the Northern girl
Her jewels rich and rare;
For diamonds grace her snowy neck
And pearls bedeck her hair.

CHORUS—Hurrah! hurrah!
For calico so fair;
I'm tired of the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear.

My homespun dress is plain and coarse,
My hat's palmetto, too;
The flimsy thing will soon wear out,
And then what will I do?
Our beaux are conscripts in the war,
But that we do not mind,
Because we know they will desert
And leave Old Jeff behind.

Now, Northern goods we cannot get,
Because of Abe's blockade;
And we are forced to be content
With goods that's Southern made;
We cannot buy a yard of silk
Or piece of Northern lace;
But have to wear our homespun goods
At every time and place.

Our lads are driven from their homes,
They cannot meet the foe;
But we will conquer with the Yanks
Till they come back, you know.
The Yankee boys are clever fellows,
In their tidy suits of blue;
I love to have them flatter me,
I love their "greenbacks," too.

I think I'll go and take the oath,
And then nice goods I'll buy;
Such as the Northern ladies wear
Who dress so handsomely.
I'll choose me then a lover gay,
With "Greenbacks," quite a roll;
The lad that has the largest pile
Can have me, heart and soul.

And now young man, a word to you:
If you would win the fair,
Go where nice prints are to be had,
You'll find their hearts are there.
Remember homespun goods are "played,"
We value them no more;
Our tears are falling for the goods,
The Yankees have in store.

Quite Appropriate.

"I noticed," said old Misfit as he walked out of church after service, "that the choir made an honest acknowledgment in one of the responses."

"Indeed," said Mr. Pewholder, "in what part of the service was that?"

"Why, where they all said 'we are miserable singers.'"—*Yonker's Gazette.*

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE PREACHES IN ROME.

He Takes the Visit of the Apostle Paul as the Basis of His Discourse and Gives an Eloquent and Instructive Sermon.

ROME, Nov. 10.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., Mrs. Talmage and Miss Talmage, with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Klopsch, arrived in this city last evening. To-day the great Brooklyn divine preached to a large congregation from the text, Acts xix. 21: "I must also see Rome."

A full report of the sermon follows:

Here is Paul's itinerary. He was a traveling or circuit preacher. He had been mobbed and insulted, and the more good he did the worse the world treated him. But he went right on. Now he proposes to go to Jerusalem and says: "After that I must also see Rome." Why did he want to visit this wonderful city in which I am to-day permitted to stand? "To preach the Gospel," you answer. No doubt of it, but there were other reasons why he wanted to see Rome. A man of Paul's intelligence and classic taste had fifty other reasons for wanting to see it. Your Coloseum was at that time in process of erection, and he wanted to see it. The Forum was even then an old structure, and the eloquent apostle wanted to see that building, in which eloquence had so often thundered and wept. Over the Apian Way the triumphal processions had already marched for hundreds of years, and he wanted to see that. The temple of Saturn was already an antiquity, and he wanted to see that. The architecture of the world renowned city, he wanted to see that. The places associated with the triumphs, the cruelties, the disasters, the wars, the military genius, the poetry and the rhetorical fame of this great city, he wanted to see them. A man like Paul, so many sided, so sympathetic, so emotional, so full of analogy could not have been indifferent to the antiquities and the splendors which move every rightly organized human being. And with what thrill of interest he walked these streets, those only, who for the first time like ourselves enter Rome, can imagine. If the inhabitants of all Christendom were gathered into one plain, and it were put to them which two cities they would above all others wish to see, the vast majority of them would vote Jerusalem and Rome. So we can understand something of the record of my text and its surroundings when it says, Paul purposed in the spirit when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaia, to go to Jerusalem, saying: "After that, I must also see Rome." As some of you are aware, with my family, and only for the purpose of work we can learn and the good we can get, I am on the way to Palestine. Since leaving Brooklyn, New York, this is the first place we have stopped. Intermediate cities are attractive, but we have visited them in other years, and we hastened on, for I said before starting that while I was going to Jerusalem I must also see Rome. Why do I want to see it? Because I want, by visiting regions associated with the great Apostle to the Gentiles, to have my faith in Christianity confirmed. There are those who will go through large expenditure to have their faith weakened. In my native land I have known persons of very limited means to pay fifty cents or a dollar to hear a lecture to prove that the Christian religion is a myth, a dream, a cheat, a lie. On the contrary, I will give all the thousands of dollars that this journey of my family will cost, to have additional evidence that our Christian religion is an authenticated grandeur, a solemn, a joyous, a rapturous, a stupendous, a magnificent fact. So I want to see Rome. I want you to show me the places connected with apostolic ministry. I have heard that in your city and amid its surroundings apostles suffered and died for Christ's sake. My common sense tells me that people do not die for the sake of a falsehood. They may practice a deception for purposes of gain, but put the sword to their heart, or arrange the halter around their neck, or kindle the fire around their feet, and they would say my life is worth more than anything I can gain by losing it. I hear you have in this city Paul's dungeon. Show it to me. I must see Rome also. While I am interested in this city because of her rulers or her citizens who are mighty in history for virtue or vice or talents—Romulus, and Caligula, and Cincinnatus, and Vespasian, and Coriolanus, and Brutus, and a hundred others whose names are bright with an exceeding brightness, or black with the deepest dye—most of all am I interested in this city because the preacher of Mars Hill, and the defier of Agrippa, and the hero of the shipwrecked vessel in the breakers of Melita, and the man who held higher than any one that the world ever saw the torch of Resurrection, lived, and preached, and was massacred here. Show me every place connected with his memory. I must also see Rome.

Curiosity of the Christian.

But my text suggests that in Paul there was the inquisitive and curious spirit. Had my text only meant that he wanted to preach here he would have said so. Indeed, in another place, he declared: "I am ready to preach the Gospel to you who are at Rome also." But my text suggests a sight seeing. This man who had been under Dr. Gamaliel had no lack of phraseology, and was used to saying exactly what he meant, and he said: "I must also see Rome." There is such a thing as Christian curiosity. Paul had it, and some of us have it. About other people's business I have no curiosity. About all that can conform my faith in the Christian religion and the world's salvation and the soul's future happiness, I am full of an all-absorbing, all-compelling curiosity. Paul had a great curiosity about the next world, and so have we. I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself; but not now. No well man, no prospered man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there, and I want to see how they do it. I do not want to be looking through the gates ajar forever. I want them to swing wide open. There are ten thousand things I want explained—about you, about myself, about the government of the world, about God, about everything. We start in a plain path of what we know, and in a minute come up against a high wall of what we do not know. I wonder how it looks over there. Somebody tells me it is like a paved city—paved with gold; and another man tells me it is like a fountain, and it is like a tree, and it is like a triumphal procession; and the next man I meet tells me it is all figurative. I really want to know after the body is resurrected what they wear and what they eat; and I have an immeasurable curiosity to know what it is, and how it is, and where it is. Columbus risked his life to find the American continent, and shall we shudder to go out on a voyage of discovery when shall reveal a vaster and more brilliant country? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between icebergs, and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerland travel up the heights of the Matterhorn with an alpenstalk, and guides, and rockets, and ropes, and, getting half way up, stumble and fall down in a horrible massacre. They just wanted to say they had been on the tops of those high peaks. And shall we fear to go ont for the ascent of the eternal hills which start a thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps, and when in that ascent there is no peril? A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold and said in joy: "Now, in ten minutes I will know the great secret." One minute after the wheels functions ceased, the little child that died last night knew more than Paul himself before he died. Friends, the exit from this word, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious expianation. It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt, and the unrolling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information. Instead of standing at the foot of the ladder and looking up, it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany, and geology and astronomy and theology. Oh, will it not be grand to find all questions answered? The perpetually recurring interrogation point changed for the mark of exclamation. All riddles solved. Who will fear to go out on that discovery, when all the questions are to be decided which we have been discussing all our lives? Who shall not clap his hands in the anticipation of that blessed country, if be no better than through holy curiosity? As this Paul of my text did not suppress his curiosity, we need not suppress ours. Yes, I have an unlimited curiosity about all religious things, and as this city of Rome was so intimately connected with apostolic times, the incidents of which emphasize and explain and augment the Christian religion, you will not take it as an evidence of a prying spirit, but as the outbursting of a Christian curiosity when I say, I must also see Rome.

Christian Antiquities of Rome.

Our desire to visit this city is also intensified by the fact that we want to be confirmed in the feeling that human life is brief, but its work lasts for centuries, indeed, forever. Therefore show us the antiquities of old Rome, about which we have been reading for a lifetime, but never seen. In our beloved America we have no antiquities. A church 80 years old overawes us with its age. We have in America some cathedrals hundreds and thousands of years old, but they are in Yellowstone Park, or Californian canon, and their architecture and masonry were by the omnipotent God. We want to see the buildings, or ruins of old buildings that were erected hundreds and thousands of years ago by human hands. They lived 40 or 70 years, but the arches they lifted, the paintings they penciled, the sculpture they chiseled, the roads they laid out, I understand are yet to be seen, and we want you to show them to us. I can hardly wait until Monday morning. I must also see Rome. We want to be impressed with the fact that what men do on a small scale or a large scale lasts a thousand years, lasts forever, that we build for eternity and that we do so in a very short space of time. God is the only old living presence. But it is an old age without any of the infirmities or limitations of old age. There is a passage of Scripture which speaks of the birth of the mountains, for there was a time when the Andes were born, and the Pyrenees were born, and the Sierra Nevadas were born, but before the birth of these mountains, the Bible tells us, God was born, aye, was never born at all, because he always existed. Psalm xc., 2: "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." How short is human life, what antiquity attaches to its worth! How everlasting is God! Show us the antiquities, the things that were old when America was discovered, old when Paul went up and down these streets sight seeing, old when Christ was born. I must, *I must* also see Rome,

The Pauline Intellect.

Another reason for our visit to this city is that we want to see the places where the mightiest intellects and the greatest natures wrought for our Christian religion. We have been told in America by some people of swollen heads that the Christian religion is a pusillanimous thing, good for children under years of age and small brained people, but not for the intelligent and swarthy minded. We have heard of your Constantine, the mighty, who pointed his army to the cross, saying, "By this, conquer." If there be anything here connected with his reign, or his military history, show it to us. The mightiest intellect of the ages was the author of my text, and if for the Christian religion he was willing to labor and suffer and die, there must be something exalted and sublime and tremendous in it; and show me every place he visited, and show me, if you can, where he was tried, and which of your roads leads out to Ostia, that I may see where he went out to die. We expect before we finish this journey to see Lake Galilee and the places where Simon, Peter and Andrew fished, and perhaps we may drop a net or a hook and line into those waters ourselves, but when following the track of those lesser apostles I will learn quite another lesson. I want while in this city of Rome to study the religion of the brainiest of the apostles. I want to follow, as far as we can trace it, the track of this great intellect of my text who wanted to see Rome also. He was a logician, he was a metaphysician, he was an all-conquering orator, he was a poet of the highest type. He had a nature that could swamp the leading men of his own day, and, hurled against the Sanhedrim, he made it tremble. He learned all he could get in the school of his native village; then he had gone to a higher school, and there had mastered the Greek and the Hebrew and perfected himself in belles lettres, until, in after years, he astounded the Grecians, and Corinthians, and Athenians, by quotations from their own authors. I have never found anything in Carlyle, or Goethe, or Herbert Spencer that could compare in strength or beauty with Paul's epistles. I do not think there is anything in the writings of Sir Willam Hamilton that shows such mental discipline as you find in Paul's argument for justification and resurrection. I have not found anything in Milton finer in the way of imagination than I can find in Paul's illustrations drawn from the amphitheatre. There was nothing in Robert Emmet pleading for his life, or in Edmund Burke arraigning Warren Hastings in Westminster hall that compared with the scene in the court room, where before robed officials, Paul bowed and began his speech, saying: "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day." I repeat, that a religion that can capture a man like that must have some power in it. It is time our wiseacres stopped talking as though all the brain of the world were opposed to Christianity. Where Paul leads, we can afford to follow. I am glad to know that Christ has, in the different ages of the world, had in his discipleship a Mozart and a Handel in music; a Raphael and a Reynolds in painting; and an Angelo and a Conova in sculpture; a Rush and a Harvey in medicine; a Bacon and a Washington in statesmanship; a Blackstone, a Marshall and a Kent in the law. And the time will come when the religion of Christ will conquer all the observatories, and universities, and philosophy will, through her telescope, behold the morning star of Jesus, and her laboratory see that "all things work together for good," and with her geological hammer discern the "Rock of Ages." Oh, instead of cowering and shivering when the skeptic stands before us and talks of religion as though it were a pusillanimous thing—instead of that, let us take out our New Testament and read the story of Paul at Rome, or come and see this city for ourselves, and learn that it could have been no weak Gospel that actuated such a man, but that it is an all conquering Gospel. Aye! for all ages the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation.

Concluding Exhortation.

Men, brethren and fathers! I thank you for this opportunity of preaching the Gospel to you that are at Rome also. The churches of America salute you. Upon you who are like us strangers in Rome, I pray the protecting and journeying care of God. Upon you who are residents here, I pray grace, mercy and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. After tarrying here a few days we resume our journey for Palestine, and we shall never meet again either in Italy or America, or what is called the Holy Land, but there is a holier land, and there we may meet, saved by the grace that in the same way saves Italian and American, and there is that supernatural clime, after embracing Him who by His sufferings on the hill back of Jerusalem made our heaven possible, and given salutation to our own kindred whose departure broke our hearts on earth, we shall, I think, seek out the traveling preacher and mighty hero of the text, who marked out his journey through Macedonia and Achaia to Jerusalem, saying: "After I have been there, I must also see Rome."

A FALL FANCY.

Bridget, beat the buckwheat batter,
Put the soapstone griddle on,
And trot out your biggest platter
While the golden drips are drawn.

Put away the cold roast slices,
Give the garden truck the shake,
Fire the summer grub and dishes,
And bring on the hot pancake.

By the frosts of early morning,
By the chilly atmosphere,
We behold the welcome warning
That the pancake season's here.

—*Frank B. Welch.*

WOMAN'S TERROR OF MICE.

One of These Queer Things Which No Fellow Can Understand.

In this age of the world it is impossible for the most robust and astute man to stand still in one position for five minutes and exactly comprehend the nature of a woman's fear for a mouse.

Perhaps a mouse looks larger to a woman than to a man. But we don't know.

At any rate, no matter how large the woman is, she is just as skittish in the presence of a mouse as a little woman, and the smaller the mouse the greater the terror it inspires.

A woman who fears no living human—man, woman or child—will shiver like a vibrating threshing machine at the sight of a mouse an inch and a quarter long. Even the Amazonian mother-in-law—even she has a soft spot in her adamantine heart for mice, and will scream with any schoolgirl at the harrowing spectacle of a live mouse cutting its way between the kitchen table and a hole in the pantry floor.

All this is inexplicable and can only be accounted for by the patient investigation of the hard-headed scientist or medical expert.—*Scotsman.*

He'll Take His Pick.

Cleveland Leader.

A Maine girl put a note and her address in a box of toothpicks, requesting the finder to write to her. A Kansas City man got the box, opened a correspondence, and a few days ago started east to see if the young lady was the sort of woman he wanted for a wife.

One person in each locality can earn a good-sized bag of gold at work for us during the next few months. Some earn $50 a day and upwards, and all get grand wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary. Capital not required; we start you. Either sex, young or old. You can live at home, giving work all your time or spare time only. One person has earned $5000 during past few months; you can do as well. No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed FREE to those who write us at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month. STINSON & Co., Box 446, Portland, Maine.

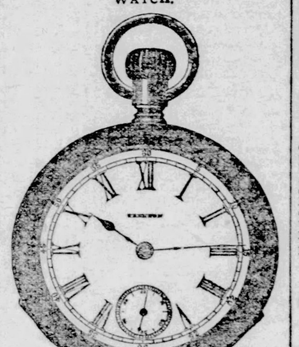
The Old World and the New.

The contrast between the spectacles that entertain European monarchs and this now seen in America, is one that may well be emphasized, and one that every one may well rejoice at and be proud of. With no thought of war, no desire but to further the triumphs of peace, this congress has been called together. Whether it succeeds in greatly increasing the commerce between American nations or not, it will not have been in vain. The precedent has been established, "Peace hath her victories," of which surely this is a notable one, and if nothing more is done than the strengthening of the bonds of friendship between the nations of this hemisphere and the decreasing of the likelihood of a day coming when the Western world will be armed as Europe is, it will have been well worth all it costs and be a much more profitable investment than money spent in such spectacles as that attending the czar's visit to Berlin.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Balmy odors from Spice Islands,
Wafted by the tropic breeze;
SOZODONT in healthful fragrance
Cannot be surpassed by these.
Teeth it whitens, purifies;
You will use it if you're wise.

Publishers' Column.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube at *only 25 cents each.* When framed they are fine enough for anybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hofman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

The Angelus. By Jean Francois Millet. Just ready. The first published. A photo etching of "The Agelus," the celebrated painting for which an American recently paid, dutied and all, over $150,000. Printed on heavy plate paper; size 21x38.

Either or all of above pictures sent postpaid by mail for 25 cents each. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

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EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

OUR CLUB LIST

We have arranged to club the BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

WEEKLIES.	Their Price.	With BLADE
Harper's Bazar	4 00	4 20
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Scientific American	3 00	3 20
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 35
Chicago Advance	2 50	3 15
Am. Rec Journal	1 00	1 90
Orange Judd Farmer	1 00	1 80
Rural New Yorker	2 00	2 50
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake	3 00	3 40
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 55
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 05
Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 35
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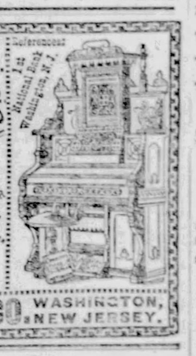

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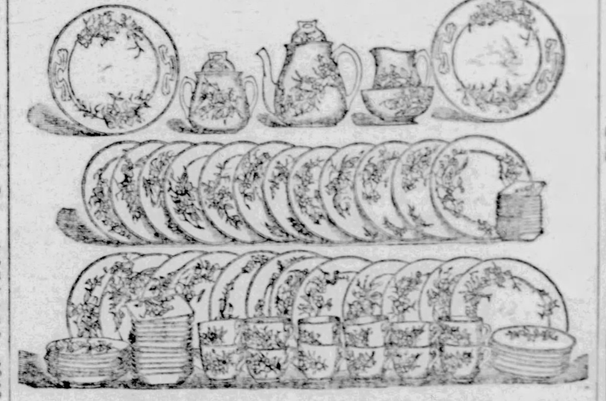

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

RIDING HOBBIES.

No Happier People in the World Than the Well-Mounted.

RIDE a hobby? Yes, Why not? I know people ars apt to speak of it when they see a man or woman earnest and absorbed in the pursuit of some idea or purpose,to the exclusion of much in which the larger part of the world is interested, in a half pitying sort of way, as if it were a thing to be regretted. And yet there are no happier people in the world than those who ride hobbies. Every waking hour is filled with thoughts of how to make their untrained steed take the pleasant ways to success, because no one who has not some ultimate aim or end to reach, something that seems imperative and greatly to be desired, is apt to mount one. This aim is not always a great one, it is true; it is, in the beginning, usually something which challenges small sympathy, but it is an object in view that is beyond the mere living from day to day, from week to week, from year to year. The problem of what we shall eat and drink and wear, so as to add to the animal pleasures in the greatest degree, occupies the mind to the exclusion of most else, and thus we go through the world with small consciousness of the wonderful powers that lie dormant within each and every human being that lives.

A SINGLE PURPOSE.

Do you remember where, in Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," he says

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

That expresses it. Ordinarily, and to the superficial observer it seems as if change was written upon every thing—change without order and without meaning. Yet those who study most carefully, who come nearest to the heart of nature, discern most clearly that there is one "increasing purpose" running through the creation and that it is absolute and unvarying. However much may seem to interfere, the aim "the highest good to all of His creatures" is everywhere constantly evident through all of the apparent pain and suffering that overwhelms their powers.

It seems to me that this adherence of the Infinite to one purpose teaches us that only in imitating it in our flaite and feeble way does the highest success come. We cannat aim at one thing to-day and at another to-morrow, and accomplish either the one or the other. We must keep to the one, and "charm the other never so wisely," be not turned aside into the new paths. And so I say, do not be afraid to "ride a hobby"—for that is what the world will call it until you have won a paramount success. If you have something in your mind that seems to you of more interest to accomplish than anything else; that appeals to your enthusiasm; that arouses your energies; that absorbs your thought; do not be disturbed by any criticism about your folly, but just go straight on over every obstacle until you "get there." "The way to do a thing," said Horace Greeley, "is *to do it*." He was a wise man in his day and generation.

Every man and every woman that ever reached pre-eminence first mount ed a hobby and rode it persistently, no matter how much the crowd jeered as they passed along. Every great reformer was a hobby-rider. Every great discoverer or inventor mounted a hobby. Columbus stuck to his, though the opposition placed in his way made it prance and rear to such a degree as to almost unseat him permanently.

TO DAY'S RIDERS.

Can you not think of people who are riding hobbies to-day? Perhaps you regard them only as great workers for the good of others, but be assured there are those to whom they are only hobbyists. Frances E. Willard is one. Her horse, and a spirited steed it is, is Temperance, and she rides it grandly. Susan B. Anthony is another, and how she has been scouted and ridiculed, until it has seemed somtimes as if she must dismount and join the multitude on foot. She rides yet, brave, true, heroic woman that she is, and she will, so long as she lives, unless the goal is sooner reached. Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison were hobbyists—in fact,every human being that ever wrought out a purpose amid the fire of persecution that sometimes amounted to martyrdom were animated by the same spirit that first challenged the good-humored ridicule of the public as hobby-riding.

MAKES LIFE PLEASANT.

I do not mean to say that the persistent riding of any hobby will make you a reformer, or will set you apart and above your fellows as a success. That could not be in the nature of things, but I do mean that this absorption in an idea that is full of interest to yourself is a great helper in making life pleasant. You are not apt to dissipate your energies upon a hundred and one things that have had a butterfly existence at best, and though your "hobby" has no very high aim, it helps you to carry forward duties that otherwise grow monotonous. Of course your constant riding will weary others to a degree, but this does not matter providing the purpose you have in view is a good one. Do not let yourself take a wooden hobby horse which has no more power of going in it than that your boy rides, but have one with possibilitie s that extend into the future and which mean something. Do not let it be the keeping of your house in such a state of painful order and neatness that your family is made miserable, or do not elevate some little notion into the dignity that the constant occupation of your mind should give to anything.

HOBBY OF SELF.

Yes, ride a hobby, if you so desire, but—and here comes the most important thought of all—be careful that it is not the hobby of *self*. Of all the sorry things in this world, the sorriest is the man or woman who never ceases to consider self, to talk of self, to keep self in the foreground, to cherish self at the expense of others, to think and feel and act as if the Creator had expended His best efforts upon that one self, and to demand therefore that it should be considered before all others in its immediate neighborhood. The people who make an absolute hobby of self are not very numerous, Heaven be praised, for though there is a great deal of selfishness in the world, there be few who never think of others, or who do not keep, in some degree, the fact of self-worship in the background.

One thing more. The more admirable your hobby is, the better. If the object of your riding seems to be the gaining of some worthy or brilliant goal, the world will forgive you sooner, and yet if it harms no one and gives you comfort, though it seem of small importance to others, go right on without fear or favor. You may not prove to be a Maria Mitchell, a Mary Somerville, or a Florence Nightingale, but you will be a happier man or woman for having the mind intent upon what seems to you of paramount interest.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

INVITATIONS AND REGRETS.

So many questions have come to us lately about invitations, regrets, etc., that a few suggestions may be welcome. Invitations are never written in the first person unless they are very informal, and there is an intimacy between the host and guest that will warrant the waiving of ceremony. Sufficient time should olways be given in the case of a formal entertainment, for the invited guests to be able to make their arrangements for an acceptance, if possible, and in some way its character should be conveyed in the invitation, in order that they may know how to dress, and whether they desire to attend. It is sometimes exceedingly annoying not to have any idea of the number one is to meet, or whether the occasion is an informal or ceremonious one.

An invitation to a dinner or tea party, where the guests are limited, should be answered immediately, so that the hostess may know what to count upon,and have time to fill your place, should you be obliged to decline. Usually upon such invitations the letters, R. S. V. P., are written, meaning that a reply is expected, or what is really in better form, the request for an answer is written outright in English, but whether appearing there or not, the acceptance or declination should be sent immediately.

An invitation to dinner is, as one author phrases it, "a marked social compliment," and etiquette demands a careful reply. By that is meant that an answer should not be sent on a visiting card, nor should "regrets," such as would be proper for a large gathering, be returned, but if the invitation is declined state the reasons for not accepting. Never say that you will attend if you can, but state positively whether you accept or not.

Receptions, afternoon teas, and "at homes," require no reply. The call afterwards is amply sufficient for courtesy.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

BUREAU MATS.—One sheet of white wadding and a skein of Saxony will make 3 mats 10 inches in diameter.

Cut out a circle of wadding any size you desire, and strips 2 inches wide, long enough to go round the circle three times. Take the Saxony—scarlet, gold, pink or light green are pretty colors. Crochet around the mat and both sides of the strip with chain of 12 stitches caught about an inch apart. Then plaite the strip in double box plai s and sew through the center, and sew this plaited strip on the circle so the edges of the strip and mat are even. Tack the edges of each box plait together, making it stand up full. This makes very pretty mats.—ED.

PAPER RACK.—Take two pieces of pine, curled maple, birds-eye maple, or any wood you wish, have it dressed smooth, and then cut in any fancy form and size you like, then oil with boiled linseed oil, two coats. Dry thoroughly, then paste nice colored pictures of flowers or fruit, arranging them in a tasty manner, and when dry varnish over the whole and you will have a rack that people will think is hand painted. From part two inches the shortest. Make holes on each side and lace together with red worsted cord, and hang with a cord and tassels.—MRS. M. E. PARIS, Traverse City, Mich.

BABY'S SHOE.—MRS. O. D. Fisher, East Saginaw, Mich., sends the following directions about putting baby's shoe pattern together:

Lap the two side pieces together, so that the scalloped edge for the button holes will come on the side as in any buttoned shoe; sew on the toe piece, and turn it wrong side out and join to the sole, turn, and last sew up the seam at the back taking it in to fit the ankle.

I am going to spend some of my leisure time this winter embroidering a bonnet for my little girl to wear next summer, and have a neat sample pattern. Maybe it will be new to you, or could have sent it as well as the shoe pattern. I can supply it now, but in sending please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope instead of a stamp as it saves me so much time. It is easily put together but I will mark the pattern so there will be no mistake. I shall embroider mine, but if one does not understand embroidery it can be made from lace or embroidered in three colors by the piece or from muslin. Finish with a large bow of muslin on the top and a frill of narrow lace around the edge.—MRS O. D. FISHER, 789 Gallagher street, East Saginaw, Mich.

ABOUT KENSINGTON PAINTING.—E C. Hayes, the more simple way for Kensington painting is to take the color after it is mixed, on the point of a small pallette knife and place it thickly and evenly on the design; allow it to remain a few minutes, then take an agate point or glass and run the edge of the shaded to blend beautifully. The paints required for pansy are silver white, Prussian blue, crimson lake, ivory black and mauve. I think you are mistaken about my furnishing the instruction on Kensington painting in THE BLADE of September, as in that way you first "outline" the design and then carefully scrape down the ridge of color towards the center of the flower, etc. —DEVERE FERO.

MRS. C., there is a pattern for purse given in "Fancy Work and House Decoration." There are also descriptions of several fancy bags such as you wish. The book costs 25 cents. Address EMILY S. BOUTON, Toledo, O.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together: n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind: t t o, throw thread over; b, bind: o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—d, loop; s c, single crochet; d c double crochet: ch st, chain stitch: s c ch st, close chain stitch: d c ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot: r c, ribbed crochet: t r st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch: tr, treble; sn c, short crochet.

KNITTED BATH TOWELS.—A set of bath towels would be a nice Christmas gift for a young housekeeper or for any one, and the following directions are simple to follow and quick work, and as there is no intricate pattern it can be picked up at odd moments. Use four-threaded knitting cotton No. 10, cast on as many stitches as you wish the width of the towel to be, using any common towel for a pattern. Knit twenty rows in garter stitch or plain knitting for the first stripe, then fasten the colored cotton (either b ue or red is best) and knit a strip half-inch wide, then use the white again, making the same length of white; again fasten on the colored knitting a stripe 1½ inches wide; then a stripe of white half-inch long; then the colored, knitting half-inch stripe, make the center of towel of white as long as you wish the towel to be; then add the border same as beginning, finishing off with twenty rows of white. Make the knotted fringe for the ends. Small towels for washing the face are sometimes preferred instead of a sponge, and can be made to match the larger ones.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco county, Ore.

In answer to question, the yarn holder, advertised elsewhere in BLADE, is said to be a great convenience. It will hold any sized skein.—ED.

PRETTY LACE.—Crocheted out of Saxony wool.—Chain of 12—1st row—3 d c in 4th st of chain—ch 1—d c 3 in same st—this forms a shell 3 ch—sh [shell] in; 8th st—1 ch—turn—2nd row—sh in sh—ch 3—sh in sh—1 d c in 3d c end of the sh—turn; 4th row—same as 2nd row; 5th row—same as 1st row; 6th row—same as 2nd row; 7th row—same as 1st row; 8th row—same as 2nd row; 9th row—same as 1st row—ch 10—[this begins the scallop]—fasten in the end of 4th row of shells—turn—ch 2—d c 15 under the 10 ch—ch 2—turn—d c under each of the 15 d c—ch 2—turn—1 d c under 1st d c ch—1 d c—1 under next d c—ch 1—and so on to end—sh in sh—ch 3—sh in sh—1 d c in end of sh; 11th row—ch 3—sh in sh—ch 3—sh in sh—2 ch—1 d c under 1st d c of scallop—ch 2—1 d c under next ch—ch 2—and so on to end of scallop; fasten in the end of 1st row of shells—turn; 12th row—ch 5 fasten under 1st—ch 5—ch—fasten under next ch—and so on to end of scallop—sh in sh—ch 3—sh in sh—1 d c in end of sh; 13th row—same as 1st row; 14th row—same as 2nd row; 15th row—same as 1st row; 16th row—same as 2nd row—then begin 2nd scallop—ch 10—fasten in the end of sh; 10th row—back—ch 2—d c 15—then just the same as 1st scallop; the 4th row of scallop fasten between 6th and 7th row of sh from the 1st row. Would some one please send, through THE HOUSEHOLD, the Cherry Lace in crochet?—CHERRY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.—Once upon a time, when the sun of prosperity shone brighter than now, I had a plant closet that was a beauty and delight. The woodwork was black walnut, the sides plate glass, the high arches overhead of heavy wire, while zinc trays inside and on top held the flower pots, and retained the extra moisture. The inside could be used as a fernery, if so desired. Now, this fall, the promised green-house and the dozens of bulbs I meant to buy having gone up in the smoke of the forest fires, I fell back on much more modest plans. I have a few nice house plants, and also a few bulbs, said to be good winter bloomers. But my old flower-stand would not hold the half, and stationary shelves must either be out of the sunshine during the day, or in the way of evenings. So I put on my thinking cap, consulted mother, and we went to work. The "gude man" was away from home; no large goods-box at hand. I knocked a big pine table to pieces. We measured, marked, sawed and hammered to some purpose. Result, a stout box 48 inches long, 24 wide, 28 deep. On either side, at one end, is a large two-paned window sash, one hung on small half-strap hinges. The darker end has a shelf, and serves to hold the pots for starting bulbs. At each corner is nailed a tall, slender pine tree, minus branches, which meet in center, overhead, in a double arch, and support an English and a Scotch ivy, moonflower and morning-glory vines. The top is full, has huge rose geraniums, callas, Nicotianius, etc.; few blossoms just now, but plenty of promise. Down in the box are the smaller and more delicate plants.

One of the oddest things is a tree tomato, with its fruit ripening under the glass. Not having white oil cloth on hand, I covered all the wood work with heavy manilla paper. My one extravagance in the matter is a set of large double castors, costing $1, and which my husband put on for me, so I can wheel the portable greenhouse where I want it. Feet? Made each one of three pieces of board,—each 5 inches square,—fastening each one separately by "toe nailing" and otherwise, and taking care to cross the grain with each. Of course, the sashes gave some additional width, but it will pass through the doors. But still I have a nice little hand sprinkler made of rubber. I can give a generous watering without taking from the room.

I lived one winter where the mercury went down cellar to stay, and we couldn't keep fires all night. I got a large goods box, covered it with paper, lined it well with several thicknesses of paper, padded door, (one side hung on leather hinges) in same manner. I kept my plants on top of the box during the day, and put them inside at night. If the weather was unusually severe, I set a small lamp in the box for a few minutes before placing plants inside. Usually the heat from the stove was sufficient. The plants did well. A friend of mine keeps her plants in the windows during the day, and puts them in a huge shelved box at night. It stands back in a corner, has no door. She hangs a large heavy rug over over the front. I always feel as if I should freeze to death when there in winter, but candor compels me to say she has more and brighter blossoms than I can boast.

Another good way if you can keep plants at but one window, and can ill spare that,—is to have a stout frame made just the size of the window, putting in shelves according to taste and room, and then by means of stout-strap hinges hang the frame on the window casing. It can be s ung back out of the way when there is danger of frost, or you want to get to the window for any purpose. Some might object to spoiling the window casings, but a little putty and paint will cover up all traces when you take the frame down. But then I love flowers better than I do fine woodwork, and comfort better than immaculate furniture.

The trouble is to keep a sitting room in anything like an even temperature. I discard the fancy top to my heater, and keep a pail of water there instead. People are usually so taken up with the plants they do not notice the stove, unless it is to say, "My, how warm you have it!" Well, I do detest cold rooms in winter. I like my "little sumer-thus shut in" to be as real as possible. And don't I enjoy it when all the world is snow-shrouded outside? Since the rains have come at last all sorts of flowers have burst into bloom out in the garden, and seeds planted last spring are coming up by the thousands. Won't Jack Frost have a catch? I have brought over a number of my common garden flowers in this fall, and so far they are growing well. It would be hard to find anything prettier than the Japanese picotees—they are so double and rich in colors. There is a deal more satisfaction in having a common flower in bloom than in the highest-priced and longest-named hot-house darling which persists in pining away despite your best care. Try it.—JEANIE.

A BRAVE LAD.—There is a little lad 7½ years old, Lloyd Van Bebber by name, who brings the mail to us on Saturday afternoons. He is a bright, fearless little fellow, has been allowed to handle a gun only during the past few weeks. He uses an old needle gun. Not long since he started off alone through the woods on a hunt. About mile from home he saw a fine deer, and shot it in the head. Not having a knife, he made sure of his deer by cutting it twice under the throat, as most people do. After they have hung about half an hour scald well and pick as quickly as possible. In cold weather this is all the out-of-door work I do. I always keep on hand plenty of thick brown paper. After singeing and washing, wipe the fowl dry, place it on the thick paper in the woodhouse, or, if weather is severe, dress your turkey. With a little care, when the paper is gathered up, your table or shelf will only require common washing. This saves time and labor. I place my fowls in a deep pan until I am ready to parboil them. I use a little soda in the water, to sweeten and make them tender. Fill and surround the fowl with any kind of dressing you choose. Bake slowly and baste often. You wanted "my way of preparing thanksgiving turkey," and other recipes. If you will write me the kind you want if I have some good ones I will send them.—MRS. ZELDA E. HAUER, Pittsford, Mich.

From Northumberland county, Pa.; Rosebella Talbott, Stockton, Kansas; Myrtle, Box 75, New Point, Holt county, Mo.; Mrs. Henry Abbott, Woodruff, Kansas; Mrs. Anna M. Wolcott, Hilltop P. O., Greenwood county, Kans.; W. C. Leonard, Thornton, W. Va.

After this no more requests of this kind or for postal cards, will be published, as they are multiplying so rapidly that we cannot find space for them. We are sorry to disappoint any one, but it is unavoidable.—ED.

Will some one tell me if willow wood ashes will make soft soap?—A PERPLEXED IOWA WOMAN.

Will some one please give recipes for making French mustard such as we get in the store?—MRS. FAIRVIEW.

I would like to inquire through THE BLADE, where a young man, 22 years of age could find a cheap school and boarding, as I would like to gain an education, and am not able to pay a big sum. I prefer a school of both sexes and in or as near Pennsylvania as possible, as that is my home.—SAMUEL CARLTON, Lincoln City, Summit co., Colorado.

Can some one tell me how to mend glass so it will stay?—A READER AND LOVER OF THE BLADE.

Will some one send recipe for making good coffee?—A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

Will some one please send directions for crocheting ladies' fascinator—pretty design?—BLACK HILLS BLUE BELL.

Will some one send me directions for crocheted slippers? I asked for directions for collar and cuff box, but have not received them. Will some one send them?—D., Box 118, Susan, Cal.

Will some one send me the selections entitled "Archie Dean," and "How Reuben played the piano?" We have taken the good old BLADE for about eighteen years, and this is our first request.—LOTTIE L. DODGE, Vassar, Kan.

Does any one know where a widow woman and two children can make a living? I can do any kind of housework, washing, ironing, paper-hanging or plain sewing, as I always lived out at service until ten years ago.——INDUSTRIOUS.

Will some one tell me how to make babies' bonnets from Angora wool?—OHIO KATE.

Will some kind sister please send through THE BLADE directions for making an afghan?—PANSY.

Can any one tell two women how they can invest two or three hundred dollars so that by working faithfully they can make a living? We have thought of opening a notion and grocery store in some small town, but having no experience do not know how to make a beginning. Have also thought of raising poultry. We are not afraid of hard work, and expect to base our success on that. Any advice or suggestion will be thankfully received by—A BLADE READER.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

The editor desires to caution our correspondents about writing upon both sides of the paper. Many excellent things go into the waste paper basket because of this mistake.

We thank our friends most heartily for their frequent commendations of the "Home Talks" and the "Household" generally, which are appended to their communications. They are always appreciated if not personally acknowledged. —ED.

Bercail, Montana: It is not usual to serve so many things for dessert at a private table, and is not in good taste. However, should they be, the pie and pudding are served at the same time, as they are considered as one thing; then the cake and canned fruit (if that is what you mean by sauce), and finally the fresh fruit. The usual order for a fashionable dinner dessert is, first, pie or pudding; then ice cream or ices with cake; then fresh fruit; after that, nuts and raisins, with bon-bons, if you like, and then coffee at the last.

Salad is served in various ways; some times as a course by itself, either just before or just after the principal course of meat and vegetables. Again it is brought on with cheese, bread and butter in the same order as above mentioned. In fact the hostess may regulate the time, except that it must not appear with the roast and vegetables.

A dinner salad should be a light one made of lettuce, potato, etc. Chicken and fish salads are for lunch or supper usually, and can be made more prominent, but not served with the cold meats.

Your Thanksgiving dessert should follow the order given before, except that the plum pudding comes first, then mince pie, etc. Cranberry sauce should always be served with meats and not with deserts. Cheese is allowed on Thanksgiving with the pie.

"Social Etiquette" does give full information upon these subjects. You would do well to send $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., and get one.—ED.

When flower seeds, etc., are offered through the HOUSEHOLD, if stamped envelope is sent, the editor takes no responsibility in the matter. If you enter into a correspondence of that kind, you must depend upon the sense of honor of the one who offers. Usually they have no idea of the avalanche of letters they thus call down upon themselves, and are overwhelmed by it and absolutely unable to answer them all.—ED.

Mrs. Lavina B. Merrill, Pueblo, Colorado, who wrote from Claude, Texas, offering the seed of the China berry tree to members of this HOUSEHOLD, states that, owing to the delay in the insertion of the offer, she cannot fulfil her promise, having removed to a new home. She requests that no more letters be sent to her.—ED.

Please let me correct a mistake in the reading of how to make a plush clock. The word sugar box should read cigar box, and the word bottle, in how to cook custard, should read kettle.—MOLLIE TUCKER.

If "Enid" will cover the back of her satin with prepared chalk, or magnesia, and not make her colors too thin, she will have no difficulty.—H. L. B.

RECIPES.

TO REMOVE TAN AND FRECKLES.—Pulverized borax, 1 oz; hot water, 1 pt.; dissolve borax in water; when cool, add rose water, 4 ozs.; oil bergamod, 10 drops; oil lemon, 7 drops; oil lavender, 7 drops; glycerine, ½ oz.—J. J.

AQUARIUM CEMENT FOR J. D. MCCOY.—Litharge, 1 gill; fine white dry sand, 1 gill; plaster of Paris, 1 gill; finely pulverized resin, ½ gill; mix thoroughly and make into a paste with boiled linseed oil, to which dryer has been added. Beat it well and let it stand four or five hours before using. After it has stood fifteen however, it is worthless. This is good for either salt or fresh water.—MRS. S. S. KING, Tacoma, Wash.

A REMEDY.—Here is a remedy for wetting bed which "Anxious Mother" asked for: Get 1 pt. of vervain herb and pound it as fine as possible. Take a table knife point full for three mornings before breakfast; stop three days, then renew for three days. Take it nine times; then stop for one week; then start in over again as above.

MAKING BREAD.—Seeing in BLADE of October 10 a request by L. O. Belland Ore, for directions for making bread, I thought I would like to tell him my way as it is so simple and sure. Soak a half yeast cake in a little warm water, put into a quart dish a half pint flour and stir one tablespoonful of salt, the same of sugar, into the flour, pour boiling water from potatoes—when you have cooked them—over this, stirring all the time, when cool add yeast. Do this at noon: At night, when it is right, put two quarts warm water in a large pan, the yeast and sufficient flour to mould, cover warm and leave till morning, when it will be light; knead down once; when it is again light make into loaves and let them stand until as large again as at first; bake moderately, as in baking too fast a hard crust is formed, preventing its thoroughly baking inside; keep warm while rising, but not too near the fire, never use hot water—only slightly warm. I hope "a Bachelor" will try this and report success.—MRS. E. S. DICKINSON, Gem, Dakota.

THANKSGIVING TURKEY.—I will tell Mrs. D'warre Austin, of Missouri, through THE BLADE, how I prepare thanksgiving turkey. It should be hung head down until it is done bleeding. I prefer my fowls for cooking, with the heads taken entirely off —neither do I, cutting the throat, as most people do. After they have hung about half an hour scald well and pick as quickly as possible. In cold weather this is all the out-of-door work I do. I always keep on hand plenty of thick brown paper. After singeing and washing, wipe the fowl dry, place it on the thick paper in the woodhouse, or, if weather is severe, dress your turkey. With a little care, when the paper is gathered up, your table or shelf will only require common washing. This saves time and labor. I place my fowls in a deep pan until I am ready to parboil them. I use a little soda in the water, to sweeten and make them tender. Fill and surround the fowl with any kind of dressing you choose. Bake slowly and baste often. You wanted "my way of preparing thanksgiving turkey," and other recipes. If you will write me the kind you want if I have some good ones I will send them.—MRS. ZELDA E. HAUER, Pittsford, Mich.

INQUIRIES.

The following would like postal cards, with address, and a verse for BLADE postal card album: Miss Estella Hettinger, Maysville, Allen Co., Ind.; Miss Mollie L. Weston, Fort Matilda, Centre Co., Pa.; Miss Mollie Buck, Cincinnati, Iowa, P. O. box 73.; Miss Lena Akers, Strahan, Mills Co., Iowa; Miss Mame Ward, Holly Springs, Miss., Box 164.; Mrs. Matilda J. Harris, Albion, Ind.; Miss Blanche Shirk, La Plata, Macon Co., Mo. E. A. W., Lock Box 27, Johnson City, Tenn.; Anna O. Gardner, Arcola, Ill., Box 23.; Miss Laura E. Wilson, Mitchell, Lawrence Co., Ind.; Ella Wike, East La Porte, Jackson Co., N. C.; Miss Rebecca A. Campbell, Indiana, Indiana Co., Pa.; Myrtle I. Homberger, Concord, De Kalb Co., Ind.; Mrs. Hattie Pearl Bias, Dane Co., Wis.; J. A. Culler, Canfield, O.; Mattie McLain, Arenyville, Ill.; Miss Lizzie Simmons, Millville, Cumberland Co., N. J.; Myrtle, Box 75, New Point, Holt Co., Mo.; Jennie Perrine, Emienton, Venonga Co., Pa.

The following would like pieces of silk, satin, plush, velvet or worsted, with name or some little thing painted or embroidered on them, for BLADE crazy quilt: Miss Estella Hettinger, Maysville, Allen county, Ind.; Mrs. W. T. Copeland, Orient, Adair county, Iowa; Florence M. Brander, Seward, Neb., box 384; Mrs. Hattie Pearl, Vilas, Dane county, Wis.; Miss Mattie Hutchison, Zaleski, Ohio; Effie Schuyler, Turbotville,

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

AXES, KAS.	Clara Habecher
Laura Coffman	Frank Kelley
Ida Coffman	Eddie Stehling
MONMOUTH, ILL.	Hattie Wells
Leon Wilson	Nettie Wells
Ding C Wilson	Daisy Stewart
Lulu B Wilson	Sadie Mirford
COLUMBUS, O.	Annie Wells
Carrie Kissell	Alice Steward
Nellie Collins	WAVERLLA, ILL.
Annie Collins	Anna Hull
Charley Collins	Herbert Hull
Robert Collins	Sallie Argo
Lida Sinclair	Willard Longbrake
Starr Hunter	Elijah Longbrake
Clara Fleming	F W Herman
Herbert Fleming	Samuel Waldron
Eddie Biete	Joseph Best
John Baker	

Names this week, 33. Total, 27,660.

The above embraces all names received up to November 8.

THE SUNBEAMS.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

"Now, what shall I send to the Earth to-day?"
Said the great round golden Sun.
"Oh! let us go down there to work and play!"
Said the Sunbeams, every one.

So down to the Earth, in a shining crowd,
Went the merry busy crew;
They painted with splendor each floating cloud
And the sky as they passed through.

"Shine on, little stars, if you like," they cried,
"We will weave a golden screen
That soon all your twinkling and light shall hide,
Though the Moon may peep between."

The sunbeams then in through the windows crept
To the children in their beds—
They poked at the eyelids of those who slept,
Gilded all the little heads.

"Wake up, little children!" they cried in glee,
"And from Dreamland come away!
We've brought you a present, wake up and see!
We have brought a sunny day!"

—*The Kindergarten.*

A HOME-MADE SCARE.

Carl was a jolly little fellow,
With eyes of blue and curls of yellow,
And rosy cheeks, and just the chin
To hold a pretty dimple in.
He found himself alone one day,
And wondered what 't was best to play
While his mamma remained away.
Pencil and paper soon he saw
And seized them both. Said he, "I draw
An ogre like the one so grum
Poor Jack heard growling, 'Fee-fo-fum.'
First, here's his forehead, full of bumps,
And then his nose with three big bumps,
And then two ears of 'normous size,
And then two dreadful staring eyes,
And then a mouth from ear to ear,
With long, sharp, teeth-like tusks." But here
The artist, with eyes opened wide
In fright, gazed on his work and cried,
"Mamma, Mamma—come, *come, please*, do,
I'm very lonely without you;
And oh! Mamma, I'm so afraid
Of this ol ogre that I've made."

—*St. Nicholas.*

WE ARE WONDERING.

The editor is wondering what the workers belonging to the Temperance Legion are doing in the way of sending the names of the people who do not take THE BLADE, so that they may have the paper containing the first part of the story of "Teetotaller Dick." We are very anxious about that, because we know that earnest young people can do a great deal of excellent work, for they put heart into it, when they believe it will do good. We hope to hear from you all, for the more people who can be brought to read this story, the stronger the influence for temperance. Work with a will, as we mean to do, and the day will come when the liquor traffic will have to hide its head in utter defeat.

For the Young Folks.

THE STORY OF A PENNY.

BY MARGARET HUSTED.

I AM a penny, and not a very old one, either, for it is just three years since I came from the mint, bright and shining, almost as pretty as the proud little gold piece, made on the same day, that would not look at me, when, very soon after our travel commenced, we were dropped into a young lady's purse together. To be sure, that gold piece was worth two hundred and fifty pennies, but it was no bigger than I, and I don't believe it had seen any more of the world than I had, though it did try to seem very wise and dignified. We did not stay together long, for the young lady paid away the gold piece for a new book, and I saw it dropped into a dark little drawer.

Then, out on the street, the lady saw a beautiful purple pansy among some flowers which an old man was offering for sale at the corner, so she bought that, and I, with some other pennies, went to pay for it.

"Here's a new penny, Fritzchen; you may have that," said the old man, as he took the money. And then I saw that there was a little carriage standing close to the wall, behind the flowers, and that a pale little boy sat in the carriage, with a book in his lap.

"Thank you, grandpa," he said, as he looked at me and then put me away carefully. "Now I have five," he added. "Little Mena shall have an orange to-night."

And so, an hour afterward, I went out of Fritz's pocket into that of a man who kept a fruit stand near by. Here I had quite a long rest, and was glad of it; for this constant changing of owners confuses one at first, but in an hour or two I heard two people talking near me. One voice was a man's, deep and strong, but with a very pleasant sound; the other a child's.

"Do you want to go somewhere?" the boy was saying, "and don't you know the way?"

"Yes, I know the way, my boy, just as soon as the B. street car comes along."

"Oh!" said the boy; "well, it's most time."

"How do you know the B. street car? You're not big enough to read."

"No, but my papa drives it, and I know him," replied the boy.

"Do you know what that is?" he added, pointing to a long pole on the edge of the sidewalk.

"Yes; it is a telegraph pole," answered the gentleman. "Now you tell me what it is for."

"Well," said the boy, "some men will come and dig a deep hole in the ground, and set the pole up straight, and then they will fasten lots of wires to it like those on the other side of the street."

"And what are the wires for?"

"So the sparrows to sit on, of course. Don't you see them?" and the boy pointed out a flock of sparrows perched on the wires opposite, enjoying the sunshine.

The gentleman laughed.

"Now tell me what kind of nuts those are, and where they grow, and you shall have some," and he pointed to a tray on the stand.

"They're peanuts, but they don't grow anywhere. The man just makes them in that tin box," repited the boy.

"You shall have your nuts." And a minute later I was handed to the gentleman, with some other change, and the little boy went scampering off down the street, with a paper bag of nuts in his hand.

Then I was dropped into a box for car fare; and that night I was pasted up in a little paper envelope, where I stayed for several days, but at last the car driver gave me to a lady, and I found myself at liberty again. So I passed from hand to hand, my after day, doing a great deal of work for such a little piece of metal.

Little boys spent me for candy or marbles, little girls let me help buy the play things and story books they wanted. I helped to pay postage; once I found my way into a little boy's stocking at Christmas time; once I was shut up for months in a savings-bank by a little girl who was saving money to buy a doll for a holiday present to a poor little child in the hospital; and finally an old gentleman dropped me into the mud at a street crossing. Then I was certain that my travels were ended, for a great heavy coal cart rolled over me, and nearly mashed me flat against a stone. There is a big dent in my side now, the result of that adventure.

But by and by a poor little crossing sweeper picked me up, and I helped buy a loaf of bread for his supper. Then the baker gave me to a young lady, and I knew that I was taking a long ride on the cars, for I could hear the noise of the train. I wondered a little what would become of me next, but I soon knew; for the instant we left the train I heard several children talking, all at once, to my owner.

"Oh, Auntie, papa said you wouldn't come till to-morrow, 'cause it rained this morning, and you did come, any how."

"Auntie, we've got a new dog, and his name is Bruce. He's *awful* big, too."

"And, Aunt Mattie," this was a little girl, "my new dollie is named for you." This is my birthday, Auntie, and just think, I'm eight!"

Here Aunt Mattie got a chance to speak.

"I have some pennies in my pocket, Harry, and you shall have eight—one for each year. Come, children, we will go now." And on the way home I was handed to Harry—I have a perfect dread of small boys—and went into his pocket, along with the other seven pennies, some strings, a small tin can which had held baking powder, four marbles, a fish hook and line, and sundry other small articles. Boys do carry more things in their pockets!

Next day Harry came into the sitting room, and found his little sister sitting on the floor, crying.

"Why, you poor baby, can't you find any thing to play with? Brother'll help you," and down he went on the floor beside the baby. In a minute more the tin box and his eight pennies came out of his pocket.

"I'll make you a rattle-box," he said, and shut us all up in that dark, close little box. Then the baby, crowing and laughing, shook us until I grew so dizzy I did not know what to do. But fortunately, the cover flew off and we all hopped out as fast as we could. Harry captured the others and put them back, but I had rolled up close to the wall and he couldn't find me. Next day, when Bridget did the sweeping, she shoved me under the carpet, and there I lay undisturbed. I soon got tired of staying there, but the whole long winter passed before anything happened.

Then the carpet was taken up, and Bridget carried out the papers that had been under it, and me with them.

"You may burn those papers, they are so full of dust, and put in new ones," said the mistress, as Bridget went out. And in a moment more I found myself in the middle of a heap of burning rubbish.

The fire was not hot enough to melt me, but when at last the rain put out the coals, and washed the ashes off of me, I was very black and looked quite disconsolate.

Several days passed, and then I heard a voice say, "Oh, here's a penny!" and Harry pounced on me, and carried me to his grandmother.

"Here's a penny I found, grandma, but it is so black! Can't you brighten it?"

His grandmother put me into some hot vinegar with salt in it, and when I came out I was tolerably clean. But I don't look much like the bright, shining little penny that started on its travels three years ago.

Where am I going next? Into the contribution basket at the Sunday school to-morrow, Harry says. And then? On other errands, somewhere.

For the Young Folks.

THE SNOWFLAKES.

From their perch among the clouds, the tiny snow flakes looked down on the cold, naked earth, and pitied it; because their father, the North wind, had robbed it of its beautiful green grass and fragrant flowers, and song birds. And now when it was desolate, instead of fanning it with gentle zephyrs, he blew his icy breath in such anger and rage, that the spirit of the dead flowers and leaves moaned and sobbed and shrieked through all the forests and valleys, and beside the old gray rocks, where their whole glad, joyous life had been spent.

And the snowflakes said, "Let us go comfort it."

Then they all came trooping down, whirling and dancing in glee. For were they not on a loving mission? and love makes all things glad. No sooner did they touch the earth than they were gone—all devoured by the hundreds of hungry little pools they found wherever their dainty, delicate bodies touched.

But no ways discouraged, they came, more and more of them, until the North wind, seeing how his beautiful children were being sacrificed, sent out such a blast of his icy breath that the greedy pools of water gladly drew on their coats of mail; and every hungry mouth was closed.

Then the loving little flakes, wherever they chanced to alight, rested in peace; for had not each one done its part? Soon every rough, jagged place was filled; the rocks and fields were covered with a beautiful mantle; the great, strong trees shook them off with disdain at first. But when they looked down on the humble cedar, and saw how beautiful it looked as it kindly bent its head and allowed itself to be dressed and fringed and decorated, as nothing in the world but the snow flakes can do, then they, too, allowed the tiny things to creep in the sombre folds of their rough coats and all over their strong, sturdy limbs until they were covered over in soft folds of pure white snow.

They transfigured the rough banks of the highway into waves and billows, caverns and castles of pure crystal, with such delicate arching and carving as art might envy. Then when all was complete, the sun came out and smiled down on them, and they all smiled back. And old mother earth was as beautiful in her winter robes as when spring covers her in higher colors.

Can we

Our Biblical Story.

JOSHUA;

A Story of Egyptian-Israelitish Life.

BY PROF. GEORG EBERS,

AUTHOR OF "UARDA," "AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS," ETC.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

CHAPTER IX.

At this same hour a chamberlain was leading Joshua into the hall of audience.

Though subjects bidden to attend the King commonly had hours to wait, the Hebrew's patience was put to no severe test. At this time of deep mourning the spacious rooms of the palace, in which a gay and noisy throng were wont to move, were still as the grave, for not the slaves and sentries only, but many persons of superior rank in immediate attendance on the royal pair, had fled from the pestilence and escaped without leave.

Here and there a solitary priest or official leaned against a pillar or cowered on the ground, hiding his face in his hands, while awaiting some command. Soldiers went about trailing their arms, and in silent brooding. Now and then a few young priests in mourning robes stole through the deserted rooms and speechlessly swung the silver censers, which shed a pungent perfume of resin and juniper.

It was as though a terrible miasma weighed on the palace and its inhabitants, for, added to the loss of the King's beloved son, which came home to many hearts, the fear of death and the desert wind had crushed the energies of mind and body alike.

Here, under the shadow of the throne, where of yore all eyes had glittered with hope, ambition, gratitude or fear, devotion or hatred, Joshua saw to-day only bowed heads and downcast looks.

Bale alone, the second prophet of Amon, seemed untouched by sorrow or the terrors of the night and the enervating influences of the day, for he greeted the captain in the antechamber as frankly and cheerfully as ever, and assured him, though in an undertone, that no one dreamed of calling him to account for the sins of his people. But when the Hebrew, of his own free will, acknowledged that at the moment when he was sent for by the King he was in the act of going to the superior captains of the army to beseech them to release him from his service, the priest interrupted him to remind him of the debt of gratitude which he (Bale) owed to him. And he declared that for his part, he would do his utmost to keep him with the army and to force it to see that an Egyptian knew how to honor faithful service without respect of persons or considerations of birth, nay, even against Pharaoh's will; and of this he would presently speak with him in secret.

But the Hebrew had no time to reiterate his purpose, for the head chamberlain interrupted them to lead Joshua into the presence of the King and Queen.*

Pharaoh awaited him in the smaller reception hall, adjoining the royal apartments. It was a noble room, and looked more spacious to-day than when, as usual, it was filled with a crowd. Only a few courtiers and priests, with some of the Queen's ladies, formed a small group, all in deep mourning, round the throne; opposite the King, squatting in a circle on the ground, were the King's councilors and interpreters, wearing each his ostrich plume.

All wore badges of mourning, and the monotonous chant of the wailing women, broken now and then by a loud, shrill, tremulous outcry, came pealing out from the inner rooms and found its way to the great hall, a token that death had claimed a victim even in the palace.

The King and Queen sat on a couch under a canopy of black; the throne itself was of ivory and gold. Instead of their splendid state attire, they were clad in dark robes, and the royal wife and mother, who bewailed her first-born, leaned motionless and with downcast head against her husband's shoulder.

Pharaoh, too, kept his eyes fixed on the ground, as if lost in a dream. The scepter had fallen from his hand, and lay in his lap.

The Queen had been torn from the corpse of her son, which was now given over to the embalmers, and it was not till she entered the audience hall that she had been able to control her tears. But she had not thought of resistance, for the unrelenting ceremonial of court life made the Queen's presence indispensable at any audience of high importance. And to-day of all days she certainly would fain have escaped, but that Pharaoh had commanded her to appear. She knew what counsel was to be taken, and approved of it beforehand, for she was wholly possessed by her dread of the power of Mesu, the Hebrew, called by his own people Moses, and of his God, who had brought such terrors on Egypt. Alas! for she had other children to lose, and she had known Mesu from his childhood, and knew in what high esteem the learning of this stranger had been held by the great Rameses, her husband's father and predecessor, who had brought him up with his own sons.

Oh, if it were but possible to make terms with this man! But Mesu had departed with his people, and she knew his iron will, and that the terrible foe was armed not alone against Pharaoh's threats, but even against her passionate supplications.

Now she would meet Joshua, and he, the son of Nun and the most noble of the Hebrews of Tanis, could succeed, if any man could, in uniting prudent measures as she and her husband might think best for all parties, in concert with Rule, the venerable high priest and chief prophet of Amon, the pontiff of all the priesthood of Egypt, who combined in his own person the dignities of chief judge, treasurer and viceroy of the realm, and who had come with the court from Thebes to Tanis.

When she had been sent for to the audience chamber she was winding a garland for the beloved dead, and lotos flowers, larkspurs, mallow and willow leaves were handed to her as she required them. They lay before her now on a table and in her lap, but she felt paralyzed, and her hand, as she put it forth, refused its service.

Rule, the chief prophet of Amon, sat on his heels on a mat to the left of the king; he was a very old man, long past his 90th year. A pair of shrewd eyes, shaded by a pent house of thick white eyebrows, looked out of his brown eyes, which was as gnarled and wrinkled as the bark of a rugged oak, like bright flowers from withered foliage, and their brilliancy was startling in such a shrunken, huddled, stooping figure.

This old man had long since left all active conduct of affairs to the second prophet, Bale, but he clung stoutly to his dignities, to his place at Pharaoh's side and his seat in the council; and, rarely, as he spoke, his opinion more often carried the day than that of the eloquent, fiery and much younger second prophet.

Since the pestilence had invaded the palace the old man had not quitted Pharaoh's side, yet he felt more alive than usual to-day, for the desert wind, which made others languish, revived him. He was wont to shiver continually in spite of the panther skin which covered his back and shoulders, and the heat of the day warmed his sluggish old blood.

The Hebrew Mesu had been his pupil, and never had he had the guidance of a grander nature or the teaching of a youth more richly graced with all the gifts of the spirit. He had cultivated the Hebrew into all the highest mysteries, and had expected the greatest results for Egypt and the priesthood, and when Mesu had one day slain an overseer who was unmercifully flogging one of the fellow Hebrews, and had fled into the desert, Rule had bewailed the rash deed as deeply as if his own son had committed it, and was to suffer the consequences. His intercession had procured Mesu's pardon, but when Mesu had returned to Egypt, and that change had been wrought in him which his friends in the temple called his apotasy, he had caused his old master a keener grief than by his flight. If Rule had been younger he would have hated the man who had cheated his dearest hopes, but the old priest, to whom the human heart was as an open book, and whose sober impartiality enabled him to put himself in the place of his fellow-man, confessed to himself that it was his own fault that he had failed to foresee this falling away. Education and dogma had made of Mesu, the Hebrew, an Egyptian priest after his own heart and pleasing to the divinity, but when once he had raised his hand to defend one of his own race against those to whom he had been allied only by human agencies, he was lost to the Egyptians. He was henceforth a true son of his people, and withersoever this high-minded and strong-willed man might lead, others must inevitably follow.

Ave, and the high priest knew full well what it was that the apostate hoped to give to his people; he had confessed to Rule himself that it was the faith in one God. Mesu had denied that he was guilty of perjury and had pledged himself never to betray the mysteries to his people, but only to lead them back to the God whom their forefathers had served before Joseph and his kindred had ever come into Egypt. The one god of the initiated was, no doubt, in many respects like the God of the Hebrews, and that was precisely what had reassured the ancient sage; for he knew by experience that the common folk would not be content with a god, one and invisible, such as many of the more advanced of his own disciples found it difficult to conceive of. The men and women of the masses required sensible images of everything in which they perceived the effects in and about them, and this need the religion of the Egyptians gratified. What comfort could a love-lorn maid find in an invisible and creative Power, governing the course of the universe? She would be drawn to the gentle Hatha, who held in her beneficent grasp the cords which bind heart to heart, the fair and powerful goddess of procreation before whom she could pour forth in full confidence all that weighed on her soul. Or a mother who longed to snatch a darling child from death—how could her small sorrows concern the incomprehensible and almighty Beseg who ruled the whole world? But Isis, the gracious mother, who herself had wept in such deep anguish, she could understand her grief! And how often in Egypt it was the wife who influenced her husband's attitude to the gods!

And the high priest had frequently seen Hebrew men and women worshiping devoutly in the sanctuaries of Egypt. Even if Mesu should succeed in persuading them to acknowledge one God, he, the experienced old man, foresaw with certainty that they would ere long turn away from the invisible spirit, who must ever remain remote and unreal to their apprehension and flock back in hundreds to the gods they could understand.

Now Egypt was threatened with the loss of the tilers and brickmakers she so greatly needed. Still Rule believed he could lure them back.

"When kind words will do the work let sword and bow lie idle," he had said to his deputy, Bale, who had urged that the fugitives should be pursued and slain. "We have more corpses than enough already; what we lack are workers. Let us try to keep our hold on what we are so likely to lose."

And this milder counsel had been quite after the ars of Pharaoh, who had had enough of lamentation, and who would have thought it less rash to go unarmed into a lion's cage than to defy the terrible Hebrew any further.

So he had turned a deaf ear to the incitements of the second prophet, whose decisive and energetic nature had an influence all the more powerful as his own was irresolute, and had approved old Rule's proposal that Joshua, the man of war, should be sent to his people to treat with them in Pharaoh's name—a plan which had calmed his fears and inspired him with new hopes.

Bale himself had at last agreed to this suggestion. It gave him a further chance of undermining the throne he hoped to overthrow, and if once the Hebrews were re-established in the land, Prince Siptah, in whose eyes no punishment was too severe for the Hebrews, who hated him, might very probably seize the scepter of the cowardly Menephtah. But first the fugitives must be stopped, and for this Joshua was the right man. No one, Bale thought, was better fitted to win the confidence of an unsuspicious soldier than Pharaoh himself and his royal wife.

The old high priest was on this point of the same opinion, although he had nothing to do with the conspiracy, and thus the sovereigns had determined to interrupt the lamentations for the dead and themselves speak with the Hebrew.

Joshua fell on his face before their feet, and when he rose the King's weary face was bent on him, sadly indeed, but graciously.

The father who had lost his first-born son had, according to custom, sacrificed his hair and beard to the razor. They had formerly framed his face in glossy black, but near twenty years of anxious rule had turned them gray, and his person had lost its upright bearing and had a languid, senile stoop, though he was scarcely past 50. His regular features were still handsome and there was something pathetic in their melancholy softness, evidently incapable of any severe tension, especially when a smile lent bewitching charm to his mouth. The indolent deliberateness of his movements scarcely detracted from the natural dignity of his person, though his voice, which was agreeable, generally had an exhausted and plaintive sound. He was not born to rule; thirteen brothers, older than he, had died before the heirship to the throne had devolved upon him, and his mother, who brought such woe on this land, shall have taken the hand of the divine son of the Sun which he vouchsafes to hold forth to them in pardon, and shall have come back under the shadow of his throne. He, of his divine mercy, is ready to attach them to him and to his land again with rich gifts, as soon as they come home from the desert, whither they are gone forth to sacrifice to their god. Mark me well! All the oppressions which weighed on the people to whom you belong shall be lifted from them. The divine King will make a new law granting them much freedom and many privileges, and all that we promise them shall be written down and witnessed on our part and on yours, as a new covenant binding on our children and our children's children. Now when this shall have been done, with an honest purpose to abide by it forever on our part, and when your people shall have agreed to accept it, will you then consent to be one of us once more?"

"Take upon yourself the office of mediator," the Queen here broke in, in a low voice, and her sad eyes were fixed beseechingly on the Hebrew's face. "I quail before Mesu's wrath, and all that may be done shall be done to win back his former friendship. Speak to him in my name, and remind him of the days when I, Isisnefert, would learn of him the names of the plants I carried to him, and he taught me and my sister their uses or their poisonous powers when he came to see the Queen, his second mother, in the women's quarters. The wounds he has inflicted on our hearts shall be forgiven and forgotten. Be our embassador, Joshua; do not refuse our prayer!"

"Such words from such gracious lips are a command," replied the warrior, "and are sweet to the heart. I will be mediator."

At this the old high priest nodded approval and said: "Then I hope that the fruit of this short hour may be a long period of peace. But mark me. Where medicine may avail we avoid the knife and cautery; where there is a bridge over the river a man does not rashly try to swim through the whirlpool."

"Yes, verily, we will avoid the whirlpool," said the King, and the Queen repeated his words; then she again fixed her eyes on the flowers in her lap.

Then a formal council was held.

Three private scribes sat down on the ground close to the high priest, to enable them to hear his low tones, and the interpreters and counselors, in their places, took out their writing things, and, holding the papyrus in their left hands, wrote with reeds or brushes, for nothing might remain unrecorded which was discussed and decided in Pharaoh's presence. Hardly a whisper was to be heard in the hall while this went on, the guards and courtiers remained motionless in their places, and the royal couple sat rigid and speechless, gazing into vacancy, as if in a dream.

Neither Pharaoh nor his wife could possibly have caught a word of the murmured colloquy of the speakers, but the Egyptians never ended a sentence without glancing up at the king, as if to make sure of his approval. Joshua, who was accustomed to the scene, followed their example, speaking like the others in a subdued voice, and when, presently, the voice of the second prophet, or of the chief interpreter, sounded rather louder, Pharaoh raised his head and repeated the high priest's last saying: "Where there is a mighty Besog who ruled the whole world? But Isis, the gracious mother, who herself had wept in such deep angnish, she could understand her grief! And how often in Egypt it was the wife who influenced her husband's attitude to the gods!

And the high priest had frequently seen Hebrew men and women worshiping devoutly in the sanctuaries of Egypt. Even if Mesu should succeed in persuading them to acknowledge one God, he, the experienced old man, foresaw with certainty that they would ere long turn away from the invisible spirit, who must ever remain remote and unreal to their apprehension and flock back in hundreds to the gods they could understand.

Now Egypt was threatened with the loss of the tilers and brickmakers she so greatly needed. Still Rule believed he could lure them back.

"When kind words will do the work let sword and bow lie idle," he had said to his deputy, Bale, who had urged that the fugitives should be pursued and slain. "We have more corpses than enough already; what we lack are workers. Let us try to keep our hold on what we are so likely to lose."

And this milder counsel had been quite after the ars of Pharaoh, who had had enough of lamentation, and who would have thought it less rash to go unarmed into a lion's cage than to defy the terrible Hebrew any further.

So he had turned a deaf ear to the incitements of the second prophet, whose decisive and energetic nature had an influence all the more powerful as his own was irresolute, and had approved old Rule's proposal that Joshua, the man of war, should be sent to his people to treat with them in Pharaoh's name—a plan which had calmed his fears and inspired him with new hopes.

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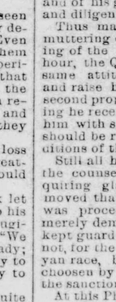
*An euphemistic title of the Pharaohs.

CHAPTER X.



JOSHUA had now to hasten if he was to overtake the Hebrews in time, for the further they had got on their way the more difficult it might be to persuade Moses and the heads of the tribes to return and accept the terms offered them.

The events of this morning were to him so marvelous that he regarded the issue as a dispensation of the god he had found once more; also he remembered the name of Joshua, that is to say, "holpen of the Lord," which had been laid upon him by Miriam's message, whereas he had hitherto been called Hosea. He was willing to bear it, although he felt it hard to deny the sovereign who had raised him to honor. Many of his fellow-warriors had assumed similar names, and his had proved itself nobly true. Never had the help of God been more clearly with him than it had been this day. He had gone into Pharaoh's palace in the expectation of losing his freedom or being handed over to the executioner as soon as he declared his wish to follow his people; and how easily had the ties been severed which bound him to Egypt. He had been charged with a task in his eyes so great and noble that he could not forbear believing that the God of his fathers had called him to fulfill it.

He loved Egypt. It was a glorious land. Where could his people find a fairer dwelling place? The conditions only under which they had dwelt there had been intolerable. Better days would have begun for them. The Hebrews were to be permitted to return to Goshen or to settle in the lake land west of the Nile, a district whose fertility was well known to him. No one henceforth might compel them to serf-dom, and if they laid their hands to labor for the state Hebrews only were to be their task-masters, and not the hard and cruel stranger. That his people must remain subject to Pharaoh was a matter of course. Joseph, Ephraim and his sons, Joshua's forefathers, had called themselves so, and had been well content to be called Egyptians. If his embassy came to a good end the elders of the tribes were to be allowed to guide the domestic affairs of the people. Moses must be the chief ruler in the new settlement, in spite of the second prophet's objections, and he himself would be captain of the united force which should defend its frontiers and form fresh legions of those Hebrew mercenaries who had already proved their valor in many wars. Before he left the palace the second prophet had given him several mysterious hints which had remained unsolved, but from which he inferred that Bale was big with portentous schemes, and proposed to give him some important charges as soon as the conduct of the state should fall from the hands of old Rule into his own; perhaps the chief captaincy of the whole army of mercenaries, a post at present held by a Syrian named Aarsee. This disturbed rather than gratified him; but on the other hand it was a great satisfaction to him to have made it a condition that the eastern frontier should, every third year, be thrown open to the Hebrews, that they might go forth to the desert to offer sacrifices to their god. On this Moses had insisted most strongly, and as the law now stood no one was permitted to cross the eastern limit line, which was fortified at all points, without the expressed consent of the authorities. This concession to their great leader's desires might perhaps gain his consent to a treaty so favorable to his people.

All through these transactions Joshua had felt keenly how far he had been cut off from his tribe; he could not even say what was the aim of this worship in the desert. He had frankly confessed before Pharaoh's council that he knew nothing of the complaints or demands of the Hebrews, and he did so advisedly, reserving their right to alter and amplify the proposals of which he was the bearer. But what could the people or their chief hope for better?

The future lay before him full of hope for his nation and himself. If the covenant should be concluded the time would be come for him to find a family, and the image of Miriam rose before him in all its lofty beauty. The thought of winning this noble woman was an intoxicating one, and he asked himself whether he were indeed worthy of her, and if it were not too bold to sue for the possession of this superb inspired maiden and prophetess.

He knew life well, and understood how little trust could be placed in the promises of the irresolute man for whose weak hand the scepter was too heavy. But he had taken precautions, and if the elders of the people could only be pacified the covenant, clause by clause, would be graven on metal tablets, like every other compact between Egypt and a foreign nation, and hung up in the national temple at Thebes, signed by Pharaoh and by the representatives of his people. Such a document—as he had learnt from the treaty of peace concluded with the Kheta—secured and prolonged the brief "forever" of international compacts. He had omitted nothing that might protect the Hebrews against treason and faithlessness.

Never had Joshua felt stronger, more confident, more glad of life than when he once more stepped into Pharaoh's chariot to take leave of his subalterns. Even Bale's mysterious hints and confessions did not disturb him, for he was wont to leave the cares of the future to the future day; but in the camp a trouble awaited him which darkened the second hour, for he there heard to his surprise, wrath and distress that Ephraim had quitted the tent and stolen away, telling no man whither. His hasty questions elicited the fact that the lad had taken the road to Tanis, so Joshua charged his faithful shield-bearer to seek the boy out in the town, and if he found him to bid him follow his uncle to Succoth.

Then, as soon as the captain had taken leave of his men, he set forth, followed by his old squire.

It was a pleasure to him to see that the Adonee* and other inferior officers who had served with him, hard warriors with whom he had shared all he possessed in war and peace, in peril and privation, so frankly showed their grief at parting. The tears rolled down the brown cheeks of many a man grown gray in battle as he shook hands with him for the last time. Many a bearded lip was pressed to the hem of his garment, or his feet, and the shining coat of the Libyan charger which bore him through the ranks with arched neck and eager prancing, though firmly held in by his rider. His own eyes were moist for the first time since his mother's death, as shouts of honest regret and farewell wishes broke from the manly hearts of his troops and echoed along the lines. Never had he felt so deeply as this moment how closely his heart was knit to these men, and how precious to him was his noble calling.

But the duty which lay before him was high and noble, too, and the God who had released him from his oath and made his way plain to obey his father's behest and yet be true and faithful, would perhaps lead him back to his crusaders in arms, whose farewell he could fancy still rang in his ears when he was long since out of hearing.

Still, the full glory of the work intrusted to him, the exalted frame of mind of a man who goes forth with a high moral purpose to fulfill a difficult task; the perfect bliss of a lover who flies with well-grounded hopes to crown the purest and dearest wish of his heart, did not wholly possess him till he had left the town behind him and was hastening, at a brisk trot, across the level plain dotted with palm groves and pools that lay to the southeast.

So long as he had kept his horse at a moderate pace along the streets of the town and about the harbor, his mind was so full of the immediate end of anxiety for the missing youth that he had paid small heed to the scene around him; the numerous vessels lying at anchor, the motley throng of ships' captains, merchants, sailors and porters of the most diverse races of Africa and Western Asia, who here sought their fortunes, or the officials, soldiers and supplicants who had followed the court from Thebes to Tanis.

And he had also failed to observe two men of higher rank, though one of them, Hornecht, the captain of the bowmen, had saluted him as he passed. They were standing back under the gateway of the temple of Set for shelter from a cloud of dust blown along the road by the wind from the desert. And as the archer vainly endeavored to direct his elder's attention, Bale, his companion, said to him: "It matters not; he will learn soon enough where his nephew has found shelter."

"Buy your command," replied the soldier. Then he went on eagerly with what he had been saying: "The lad looked like a lump of clay in the potters' shed when he was brought in."

"And a shoulder," interrupted the priest. "He had been lying quite long enough in the typhon's dust. But what did your steward want among the soldiers?"

"My Adon, whom I had sent out last evening, brought word that the poor lad was in a high fever, so Kasana packed up some wine and her nurse's balsam and the old woman went with them to the camp."

"To the boy or to the captain?" asked the prophet, with a cunning smile.

"To the lad," replied the soldier, decisively, with an ominous frown. But he checked himself and went on, apologetically: "Her heart is as soft as wax, and the Hebrew boy—you saw him yesterday——"

"A handsome fellow—quite after a woman's heart," laughed the priest. "And stroking the nephew down cannot hurt the uncle."

"She can hardly have had that in her mind," said Hornecht sharply. "And the unembodied God of the Hebrews, it would seem, is no less mindful of his own than the immortals you serve, for when he led Hotepoo to the spot the boy was very nigh unto death. And the old man would have ridden past him, for the dust had already——"

"As you said, turned him into a lump of potter's clay. But what then?"

"Then the old man saw something golden gleam in the gray mass."

"And for gold the stiffest back will bend."

"Very true! So did my old man. The broad gold bracelet, glittering in the sun, saved the boy's life once more."

"And the best of it is that we have got him alive."

"Yes. I, too, was glad to see him open his eyes again. He quickly got better and better, and the leech says he is like a young cat and nothing will kill him. But he is in a high fever and talks all sorts of nonsense in his ravings, which, even my daughter's old nurse, a woman from Asia-tic, does not understand. But she believes she can distinguish Kasana's name."

"A woman once more at the bottom of the mischief."

"Cease jesting, reverend father," replied the warrior, and he bit his lip. "A decent widow, and his downy-cheeked boy?"

"At his tender years," the priest went on, in the same tone, "full-blown roses tempt young beaules more than buds do, and in this case," he added, more gravely, "nothing could be more fortunate. We have Joshua's nephew in our net, and now it is your part not to let him escape the toils."

"You mean," cried the soldier, "that we are to keep him a prisoner?"

"As you say."

"But you esteem his uncle highly?"

"Certainly, but higher still the state."

"But this lad——"

"He is a most welcome hostage. Jashua's sword was an invaluable weapon, but if the hand that wields it is guided by the man whose power over greater men than he we know too well——"

"You mean Mesu, the Hebrew?"

"Joshua will wound us as deeply as hereafore our enemies."

"But I heard you yourself say that he was incapable of treachery."

"And I say so still; and he has proved my words this very day. It was simply to procure his release from the oath of fealty that he this day put his head into the crocodile's jaws. But if Joshua is a lion, in Mesu he will find his tamer. That man is Egypt's arch foe, and my gall rises only to think of him."

"The cries of woe within these gates are enough to keep our hatred alive."

"And yet the feeble creature who fills the throne postpones revenge and sends forth a pacificator."

"With your consent, I believe!"

"Quite true," replied the priest, with a sardonic smile. "We have sent him forth to build a bridge! A bridge forsooth! The dried-up wisdom of an ancient sage recommends it, and the notion is quite after the heart of that contemptible son of a great father, who, for his part, never shrunk from swimming the wildest whirlpool, especially when revenge was in view. Well, Joshua may try to build it. If the bridge over the torrent only brings him back to us, I will give him a warm and sincere welcome. But we, who alone have any spirit in Egypt, must make it our business to see that as soon as this one man has recrossed to our shore the piers shall give way under the tread of the leader of his nation."

"Yes, yes. But I fear that we shall lose the captain if his people met the fate they deserve."

"It may seem so."

"You are wiser than I."

"But, still, in this case you think I am mistaken."

"How could I make so bold?"

"As a member of the council of War, it is your duty to express your own opinion, and I regard it now as my part to show you whither the road leads along which you have come so far with bandaged eyes. Listen, then, and be guided by what I tell you while it is your turn to speak in the assembly. Rule, the high priest, is very old."

"And you already exercise half his prerogatives."

"Would that he might soon lay down the rest of the burden! Not for my own sake I love a contest but for the welfare of our country. It has become a deeply-rooted habit to accept all that age decides and rules as the language of wisdom; thus there are few among the councilors who do not adhere to the old man, and yet his statecraft, like himself, goes only on crutches. All that is good gets lost in a fog under his weas and half-hearted guidance."

"On this point you may count on my support," cried the warrior. "I will lend both hands to overthrow the dreamer on the throne and his senseless counselor."

At this the prophet laid his finger to his lips in warning, went close up to his companion and said in low, rapid accents: "I am now expected at the palace, so hearken only to this much: If Joshua effects a reconciliation, his people, the guilty with the innocent, will all return, and the guilty will be punished. Among the innocent we may reckon the whole of the captain's tribe, the tribe of Ephraim, from old Nun, the father, down to the boy in your house."

"They may be spared; but as Mesu is a Hebrew, whatever is done to him——"

"It will not be done in the open street; and there is never any difficulty about sowing the seeds of discord between two men who have an equal right to rule in their own circle. I will take care that Joshua shall wink at the death of the other, and then Pharaoh, whether his name be Menephtah or" (and here his voice fell to a murmur) "or Siptah, shall raise him to such a giddy height—for he deserves it—that his bewildered eye will never see anything we choose to hide from him. There is a dish of which no man can cease to eat who has once tasted it, and that meat we shall serve him withal."

"A dish—meat?"

"Power, Hornecht. Immense power. As governor of a province, or captain-general over all the mercenary troops in Aarsee's place, he will beware of quarreling with us. I know him. If we can but make him believe that Mesu has done him a wrong—and that overbearing man will of certainty give us some ground—and if he can but be convinced that the law prescribes such punishment as we may inflict on the magician and the most of his followers, he will not merely consent, but approve."

"But if the embassy should fail?"

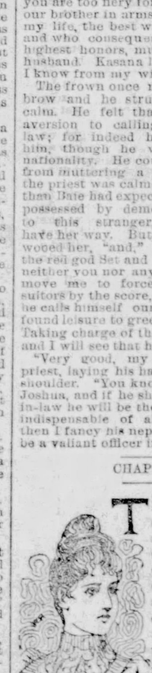
"Still he will come back to us; for he never would break an oath. But in the event of his being forcibly detained by Mesu, who is capable of anything, the boy will prove useful; for Joshua loves him, his people set great store by his life, and he is a son of one of their noblest families. Pharaoh shall at any rate threaten the lad; we, on our part, will protect him, and that will bind us more closely than ever to his uncle, and join him to us who are wroth with the King. Admirable!"

"And we shall yet more certainly gain our end if we can bind him by yet another tie, and now I beseech you to be calm, for you are too fiery for your years. In short, our brother in arms, the man who saved my life, the best warrior in all the army, and in consequence must rise to the highest honors, must be your daughter's husband. Kasana loves the Hebrew—that I know from my wife."

The frown once more knit the archer's brow and he struggled painfully to be calm. He felt that he must subdue his aversion to calling this man his son-in-law; for indeed he liked and esteemed him, though he advised to hide his nationality. He could not, indeed, refrain from muttering a curse, but his reply to the priest was calmer and more reasonable than Bale had expected. If Kasana was so possessed by demons as to be drawn to this stranger, then she should have her way. But Joshua as yet had not wooed her, and he added furiously, "by the red god Set and his seventy fellows! neither you nor any other man shall ever move me to force my child, who has suitors by the score, on a man who, though he calls himself our friend, has never yet found leisure to greet us in our own house! Taking charge of the lad is another matter, and I will see that he does not escape."

"Very good, my friend," replied the priest, laying his hand on his companion's shoulder. "You know how highly I value Joshua, and if he should become your son-in-law he will be the most important and indispensable of all our colleagues, and then I fancy his nephew may grow up to be a valiant officer in our army."

CHAPTER XI.



THE midnight sky, sown with innumerable stars, spread deeply and purely blue over the broad level of the eastern delta and the town of Succoth, which the Egyptians called, from its presiding deity, Pithrom, or the city of Toom. The March night was drawing to its close. White mists floated above the canal, a work of the Hebrew bondsmen, which intersected the plain and watered the pasture land and meadows which lay on all sides as as far as the eye could reach. To the east and north the horizon was shrouded by the thick haze which rose from the broad lakes by the isthmus. The hot, sandy desert wind which yesterday had blown over the thirsty grass, the desert border land to the east and the houses and tents of Succoth, had died away during the night, and the chill hour which in March precedes sunrise, even in Egypt, was very perceptible.

Any one who had in former days arrived between midnight and dawn at the humble frontier town, with its squalid hovels of Nile mud and modest farms and dwellings, could not have recognized it now. Even its one important building, besides the splendid temple of the god Toom, the spacious and fortified storehouse, presented a strange spectacle. The long, white, lime-washed walls gleamed as usual through the dusk; but it no longer towered in deathlike silence over the sleeping town; all about it was stir and bustle. It did duty as a fortress against the plundering tribes of Sasoos*, who had made their way round the outworks on the marshes, and an Egyptian garrison dwelt within its indestructible walls, which could easily be held against very superior numbers.

This morning it might have been supposed that the sons of the desert had taken it by storm, but the men and women who were so busy round the walls and on the broad marble parapet of the huge building were not Sasoos, but Hebrews. Wild songs and demonstrations of joy they were taking possession of the thousands of measures of wheat and barley, rye and doorah, lentils, dates and onions, which they had found in those vast lofts, and had set to work before sunrise to empty the storehouse and pack the contents into sacks and pitchers and skins, into kneading troughs, jars and sheets, let down from the roof by cords or carried up and down on ladders.

The chiefs of the tribes, indeed, took no part in the work, but in spite of the early hour children of all ages might be seen, as busy as the rest, carrying as much as they could lift in pots and bowls—their mothers' cooking vessels.

Above, close to the opened trapdoors of the lofts, into which the stars shone down, and round the foot of the ladders below, women held lanterns or torches to light the others at their work. Flaring pitch brands were burning in front of the ponderous closed doors, and armed shepherds were pacing up and down in the light of the blaze. When, now and again, there was a sound within as of a stone thrown, or a kick against the brass-bound door, and threatening words in the Egyptian tongue, the Hebrews outside were ready enough with words of mockery and scorn.

On the day of the harvest festival, at the hour of the first evening watch, certain swift runners had come to Succoth and had announced to the sons of Israel who had dwelt there, and whose numbers were twentyfold as great as those of the Egyptians, that

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

WASHINGTON NEWS

APPOINTMENTS.

A Number of People Made Happy by the President.

The President on Nov. 7 appointed William W. Bates, of New York, to be commissioner of navigation.

The President on Nov. 7 appointed Trinidad Romero to be U. S. Marshal for New Mexico.

The President, on November 11, made the following appointments: Chas. P. Lincoln, of Michigan, to be second deputy commissioner of pensions, vice Joseph J. Bartlett, resigned; C. C. Goodale, of Colorado, to be receiver of public moneys at Lamar, Col., vice F. S. Shack, resigned.

Deputy Collector E. R. Blaine, of the Lexington district, has been authorized to act as collector until a successor to Col. Goodloe shall have been appointed.

New Postmasters.

The President on Nov. 12 appointed the following postmasters:

Miles T. Clark, at Arcola, Ill., vice Albert Snyder, removed; Franklin Melrose, at Grayville, Ill., vice Thos. J. Matthews, removed; Henry S. Woodruff, at Harvard, Ill., vice John A. Frick, removed; Thos. G. Lawler at Rockford, Ill., vice John D. Waterman, removed; Henry M. Hiknell, at Garrett, Ind., vice Mary Thomas, removed; A. M. Luke at Jeffersonville, Ind., vice James Burke, removed; Geo. W. Cordell, at Warsaw, Ind., vice William H. Bowser, removed; Wallace G. Agnew at Osceo a, vice J. W. Sherman, resigned; Wm. H. Sinclair at Galveston, Tex., vice Thos. A. Cary, removed; Clarics Hipp, at St. Mary's, O., vice R. B. Gordon, jr., removed; David J. Davis, at Wapakoneta, O., vice Samuel W. McFarland, removed; George P. Humphrey, at Cheboygan, Mich., vice C. A. Gallagher, removed; W. A. Morton, at Excelsior Springs, Mo., office became Presidential.

GROWING WORSE EACH DAY.

General Greely's Report on the Signal Office Operations.

The report of Gen. Greely, chief signal officer of the army, to Secretary Proctor of the operations of the signal office for the year ended June 30, 1889, has been made public. Gen. Greely says: "In the performance of the strictly military duties which by law devolve upon him the chief signal officer of the army has found himself seriously embarrassed by an utter lack of facilities for using or caring for field telegraph trains or other signal equipments under his charge; for the practical training and drilling of the officers and men of the signal corps, and lastly, but to a minor extent as compared with the foregoing conditions, by the need of liberal appropriations.

It goes without saying that under such conditions the officers and men of this service are gradually, but surely retrograding as regards their military duties. The deterioration of army military signalling has steadily increased, and at the end of the fiscal year, the condition of signal instruction in the army is at the lowest ebb it has ever known."

He recommends therefore, either instruction in the art of military signaling be abandoned or ample material and moral support given the chief, so that he may raise it to a higher standard of efficiency.

Speaking of weather forecasts, Gen. Greely calls attention to the fact that under present conditions the forecast officer can devote barely half a minute to the predictions for any particular state or district. The demand for weather forecasts is continually increasing, and they are appreciating in value in the estimation of the public.

The percentages of successful forecasts, made by Prof. Charles F. Marvin, are for weather, 84.4; temperature, 75.8, with a general average of 81. During the year 1,066, storm signals of all kinds were ordered, of which 680 were wholly, and 74 partly justified as to velocity, and 980 justified as to direction. On the Pacific coast territory, in charge of Lieut. J. E. Maxfield, the per cent of successful forecasts increased from 73.8 in 1887 to 83 in 1888.

THE GENERAL IS RIGHT.

The New Commissioner of Pensions Discriminates.

Gen. Raum, the commissioner of pensions, proposes to facilitate by all proper means the adjudication of original pension applications. He finds that about half the claims coming before the office are in the interest of persons who have never received pensions, while the other half is made up of applications for an increase or re-rating of pension.

Gen. Raum is of the opinion that all things being equal a person who has never received a pension is more entitled to prompt consideration than one who is already on the pension rolls. While it is not the commissioner's intention to neglect the applications of those already pensioned, a larger force will hereafter be put at work on original cases and they will be acted upon with more promptness than heretofore.

TRESURER HUSTON.

The Operations of his Office During the Last Fiscal Year.

Hon. J. N. Huston, treasurer of the United States has made a long report to the secretary of the operations of his office during the last fiscal year, and the condition of the treasury June 30 last.

The year is characterized as a remarkable one in the history of the public finances, both the revenues and the expenditures having been exceeded but few times since the foundation of the government. The former amounted to $387,050,058 and the latter to $299,288,978, inclusive of 17,292,362 paid in premium on bonds purchased. The surplus revenue June 30, were $87,761,060, a decrease of $23,580,193 as compared with the year before, counting premium on bonds as an ordinary expenditure.

On June 30, 1888, there was in the treasurer's custody in cash and effective bonds, the sum of $764,729,335, and a year later the sum of $760,643,871. The current liabilities decreased in the interval from $148,291,347 to $127,931,880 and the reserve from $229,805,600 to $193,097,047. The gold in the treasury in excess of certificates outstanding, was $193,610,172 in 1888 and $186,257,490 in 1889. Notwithstanding the loss of gold, both in the aggregate and in the amount held to cover certificates, amounting to nearly 4 per cent the position of the treasury was strengthened in every respect save the amount of reserve. The total assets, the liabilities and the reserve all fell off about 14 per cent. At the beginning of the year the free gold was $45,000,000, and at the close is $58,000,000 in excess of the demand liabilities. The unavailable funds, exclusive of upwards of $28,000,000 on deposit with the states under the law of 1836, amounted at the end of the year to $1,315,433, having been decreased by an appropriation $24,016 to cover losses in the New York sub-treasury and increased by a loss of $10,000 at San Francisco, reported by the assistant treasurer there in 1886.

The treasurer suggests that the present methods of keeping the account, by which he is charged with funds that do not exist, should be changed so that the books would at all times show the true state of the treasury, without real or apparent discrepancies.

The changes that took place in the currency were an increase of about $34,000,000 in the stock of silver, a contraction of about $41,000,000 in the National bank circulation, and a loss of $25,750,000 of gold. The report shows that in the period of four years the public ownership of silver was nearly doubled, while the volume of notes diminished from $647,385,147 to $530,989,478.

The increase of the circulation of silver certificates was about $56,000,000, having kept pace with the rate for the two previous years. The new issues of small denomination appears to have fully supplied the needs of the country.

The coinage of the standard silver dollars has proceeded without any incident worthy of remark. Without much change in the amount in circulation there is a tendency toward a decrease.

During the year the national banks withdrew $66,340,000 of their bonds held by the treasury as security for circulating notes of public moneys. The deposits amounted to $25,243,700. There remained at the close of the year $148,121,450, belonging to 3,236 banks as security for circulation and $45,222,000 belonging to 270 banks as security for deposits. The report shows the minimum limit of bonds for the present capital of the banks was only about $500,000,000 or $60,000,000 below the amount now on deposit. The amount of public moneys held by depository banks ran down from $58,712,311 to $47,259,714, the result mainly of the voluntary acts of the bank in surrendering their deposits and withdrawing their bonds. The semi-annual tax on circulation amounted to $1,410,331 for the year. The net deposits during the year amounted to $32,484,415, of which sum $29,583,580 was for the reduction of the circulation of active banks.

The question whether national banks should be required to redeem unsigned notes stolen from them and put into circulation has been considered, and the treasurer gives his views, which are, that as the law plainly requires that the banks to provide for the redemption of all notes issued to them, whether regularly paid out or not, an innocent holder is entitled to the advantage of the provision.

The report closes with some criticisms on the inferiority of the provisions for the safety of the public funds and the conveniences for the transaction of business, and makes certain recommendations for improvements in this respect.

A BRILLIANT WEDDING.

Marriage of Miss May Clymer to Ex-Secy. Thos. F. Bayard.

At high noon on Nov. 7, in St. John's Episcopal church at Washington, D. C., occurred the wedding of ex Secretary Thomas F. Bayard to Miss May Clymer, Bishop Leonard, of Ohio, officiating. The ceremony being performed in the church gave the curious public a chance to witness it, and the hour appointed found the edifice filled with Washington's gayest people, out on dress-parade, as it were. The bride wore a traveling costume, and, after leaving the church, the newly wedded couple were driven to the famous home of the Clymers where a grand reception was held.

Upon their return from the bridal tour the Delaware statesman and his wife will go to Wilmington. They will reside at Delamere Place, the Bayard homestead. It is a noted house and has many historical associations. It was built in 1820 by Col. Samuel P. Davis, who was lieutenant colonel in the Fourth U. S. infantry in the war of 1812. In 1854 the colonel died, and his son, Delamere Davis, came into possession. In 1870 the latter removed to Virginia, having sold Delamere Place to Mr. Bayard.

It is a home worthy of such distinguished occupants. The house is a large mansion of stately proportions, and is surrounded by small forces. A flue view of Wilmington and of the Delaware river can be obtained from its portico. Mr. Bayard's study is on the first floor, which also contains a library, drawing room, reception room and dining room. A beautiful lawn, adorned with flower beds, stretches out in front of the house to the edge of the big grove of fine trees.

Mr. Bayard has for so many years been a prominent figure before the public as hardly to require description. He was born in Wilmington sixty years ago. In fact, he celebrated his sixtieth birthday on the 29th of last month. He is, however, a vigorous man, and shows little indication of his age. His hair is iron gray, and his tread is always elastic and manly, has an austere expression. He was trained for a commercial life, but after a short experience in business in New York he returned to his birthplace and studied law with his father, the Hon. James A. Bayard, also a United States Senator from Delaware. Mr. Bayard was admitted to the bar in 1851, and two years later became United States District Attorney for Delaware. He has served three terms in the United States Senate, his father being re-elected a Senator at the time of his son's first election. His grandfather, James Ashton Bayard, was also a Senator from Delaware and one of the Commissioners who negotiated the treaty of Ghent.

Miss Clymer, the bride, has long been known as a member of Washington society. She is distantly related to her prospective husband, who, it is said, is known in her family as Uncle Tom. She has a pleasing face and dignified carriage. She is a daughter of the late Dr. George Clymer, who was once a surgeon in the United States army. Her grandfather, George Clymer, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a strong supporter of the revolution. The Clymer family has been socially conspicuous in Pennsylvania for more than a century. One of the members Heister Clymer, was elected to congress, and was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. His sister was a famous beauty. Mrs. Ella Diez Clymer, president of the New York Sorosis, married a brother of these two, named Edward.

Miss Clymer's trousseau is one of the most elegant ever imported. It comes entirely from Paris, and was selected by her cousin, the Marquis de Chambrun, French account. Little attempt has been made to follow the latest modes, but every gown is a marvel. One of them, a visiting gown, is of golden-brown velvet, cut en princesse. It is described thus: The bottom of the skirt has a deep hem, with open-work insertion above it and a band of sable fur on the lower edge. The gown is in one piece, without the customary waist forms, and is shirred about the waist as high as the bust to fit the figure. The waist fastens at the back. There is a shoulder cape of velvet, with a hem and needlework like that of the skirt, and a high fur collar.

VICE PRESIDENT MORTON.

His Washington Hotel Does not Contain a Regular Bar.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—[From a Staff Correspondent.]—There has been much said and written about Vice President Morton establishing and keeping a bar in connection with "The Shoreham," his new apartment house in this city, and as so many of the orators and authors who have expressed themselves on the subject are entirely ingnorant of the facts in the case, it is only fair to state that "The Shoreham" has no bar.

If any of the guests desire wine or other liquor with meals it will be served to them but no one can go to the steward's room and buy a drink at any price. This was stipulated by Mr. Morton before he leased the house to Mr. Keenan, the New Yorker, who is now running it.

Writing about licenses and liquors brings to mind the fact that at this time there is a great contest in progress between those who want licenses and those who are determined to do all in their power to minimize the local traffic in intoxicants.

The license year ended October 31, and the District commissioners are now considering the large number of applications for another year's permit. Many of the applicants are women, and the commissioners were dubious as to whether licenses could be granted to such.

The district attorney was appealed to, and he holds that the word "person" means woman as much as it does man; to this opinion he added, "it would be manifestly unfair to give the male sex a monopoly in the dispensing of liquid damnation."

WASHINGTON A STATE.

How the News was Received by the Legislature.

Secretary Blaine telegraphed the territorial and state governor of Washington on November 11, that the President signed the proclamation declaring the territory to be a state in the union at 5:27 Monday afternoon.

OLYMPIA, Wash., Nov. 12.—The Senate and House met yesterday afternoon and proceeded to elect minor officers. Later, while the House was debating a joint resolution to hold a night session and proceed to the election of United States Senator, a message was received from Gov. Moore announcing the reception of a dispatch from secretary Blaine stating that the President had signed the admission proclamation. Instantly every member sprang to his feet, and the entire House and spectators cheered for some minutes. When order was restored Col. Hale, one of the members-Tucker—an old pioneer of the state, rose to his feet, and in a brief speech, trembling with emotion, congratulated the legislature and the people on the admission.

In the Senate the proclamation was also received with continued cheering and the wildest enthusiasm. In view of the proclamation admitting the state, a resolution to elect senators last night was laid on the table, and it is generally understood that no election will take place till Tuesday of next week, November 19. The inauguration of the new state officers will take place next Monday.

Got In Your Claims.

The following statement is furnished by the department of State:

"A commission known as the United States and Venezuelan Claims' commission, is now in session to adjudicate claims of citizens of the United States against Venezuela presented to the former or its legation at Caracas before August 1, 1868, and to determine, under certain circumstances, as to the rights of third parties in certificates of award issued by a former similar commission. Persons concerned will do well to give immediate attention to their interests, as the commission will expire under the treaty in less than a year from this time.

Montana Now a State.

The President on Nov. 8 issued a proclamation admitting Montana as a state of the Union.

GENERAL NEWS.

FOUGHT TO THE DEATH.

Desperate Encounted Between Col. Wm. Cassius Goodloe and Col. A. M. Swope.

Lexington, Ky., was thrown into a state of intense excitement on Nov. 8 by a tragedy in the postoffice, in which two men of national reputation took part, and one of them, well-known in the city of Toledo, where he spoke during the campaign just closed.

At a few minutes before 2 o'clock Col. William Cassius Goodloe, collector of internal revenue of the Seventh Kentucky district, and Col. Armstead M. Swope, met in the postoffice corridor. Both men were after the mail that was in their lock boxes, which are rather close together. They approached these boxes almost at the same instant, and when each saw who the other was, they glared at each other fiercely, and one of the two, it cannot be discovered which, exclaimed: "You spoke to me, you insulted me."

This was followed by some angry words from the other man; exactly what they were cannot be found out. At this instant they straightened up and each drew a weapon at the same moment—Swope a pistol and Goodloe a clasp knife. As soon as the weapons were drawn Swope fired and Goodloe knocked the pistol down as it went off, the ball entering his abdomen on the right side. Goodloe then began stabbing his opponent in the breast with his pocket knife, which forced Swope backward toward the money order door, they having begun the fight about midway of the lobby.

After several blows had been struck by Goodloe, Swope fired again, missing Goodloe. In a moment after firing the second shot, Col. Swope fell on his face within about ten feet of the door leading into the money order department, and weltering in his blood, died almost instantly. On his person were found thirteen wounds, they being on his back, arms and in his breast. Immediately after the killing, Goodloe walked to a physician's office, where his wounds were examined. He was perfectly cool and made a disposition of property in case of death. The cause of the difficulty was a statement made in the Republican convention of May 1, 1888, by Col. Goodloe, that fully two-thirds of the Fayette county delegation in convention did not speak to Swope.

Col. A. M. Swope was about 50 years old and a native of Kentucky. He practiced law at Paris, Ky., until the beginning of the war, when he joined the Union army and rose to the rank of colonel, serving on Gen. Buell's staff. After the war he went to Lexington and resumed the practice of his profession. He has held many positions of trust within the gift of National administrations and was regarded as one of the ablest men in his party. In the last Kentucky Republican convention he made a strong fight for Senator Sherman before that body, but was unsuccessful in his attempt to have the delegation instructed for the Senator, being opposed by Col. Goodloe. In 1877 Mr. Swope was appointed collector of internal revenue for the Seventh Kentucky district, but resigned in 1883. He was an applicant for commissioner of internal revenue under President Harrison, but was defeated, it was said, through the enmity of Col. Goodloe.

Hon. William Cassius Goodloe was born in Madison county in 1841. His great-grandfather was Gen. Green Clay, who commanded a brigade in the northwestern campaign under Gen. Harrison. In 1861 he accompanied his uncle, Cassius M. Clay, to Russia, where he was sent as minister by President Lincoln. Mr. Goodloe acted as secretary of the legation until 1862, when he returned and joined the Union army as assistant adjutant general of volunteers, serving until 1864, when he resigned and commenced the practice of law in Lexington. In 1868 he was elected a delegate to the national Republican convention, and was appointed a member of the committee to notify Gen. Grant of his nomination. In 1871 he was elevated to the state Senate, and the following winter was nominated by the Republican caucus for United States Senator.

It Was a Fight to Death.

An eye-witness says:

"I was standing in the money department in the lobby of the postoffice, when I saw Col. Swope and Col. Goodloe at their boxes, getting mail. I heard angry words pass between them. They then turned toward each other and Swope threw his pistol, Goodloe drawing a knife at the same instant. The two men rushed at each other. Swope fired and then Goodloe stabbed him. I do not think Swope hit Goodloe at the first shot, but the first thrust from Goodloe's knife was undoubtedly a fatal one, as Swope staggered back, with Goodloe closely following, and stabbing rapidly. Swope turned slightly and fired again, this time hitting Goodloe in the abdomen. Swope then retreated, with Goodloe right after him."

Cause of the Trouble.

It is indeed a melancholy thing to trace from its beginning to its tragic close this bitter feud between two of the most prominent men of their time. It began farther back than the year 1883, when Col. Goodloe was a leading candidate for the gubernatorial nomination of his party, to which his services fully entitled him, and when he had well nigh attained the object of his ambition, he was defeated in the state convention, held that year in Lexington, by but a few votes; and this unexpected result was generally attributed to the bitter personal hostility against him at and near his own home, stimulated and aggrevated by the rival leadership of Col. Swope. The shaft went home to the breast of Col. Goodloe and left a rankling wound.

Whatever thwarted hope of preferment or public or private affront caused its sending, no one appeared to estimate or to know; but so deeply rooted was the cause of quarrel between those gifted but desperate men that not a few at the time predicted it would culminate in a meeting which would end the life of one of them and quite probably both.

Vainly did mutual friends endeavor to interfere; the deadly variance between them waxed larger instead of less; no entreaty could stay, nor attempt at reconciliation avert the catastrophe to which it was evidently, nay inevitably drifting. But a little more than a year since Colonels Goodloe and Swope came extremely near being engaged in a rencontre in which one or both would almost certainly have fallen. The friends of both interposed, and for a time averted it. Alas! they had only scotched the snake of fatal enmity and not killed it.

A few more months pass away, and the fiend of ill-starred personal strife gloats over its finished and bloody work.

THE ALLEGED SETTLEMENT.

Documents That Went for Nothing in the Heated Moments.

The following is the correspondence between the committee and Cols. Swope and Goodloe, in which the latter gentlemen agreed to bury their differences growing out of the convention affair:

To the Public:

The personal differences between Col. A. M. Swope and Col. Cassius Goodloe have been referred to us for honorable adjustment. We beg to submit the following cards to the public, which we believe to be honorable and mainly on the part of both gentlemen.—JAMES B. BECK, E. F. CLAY, J. F. ROBINSON, JOHN SHACKELFORD.

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 9, 1888.

Hon. J. B. Beck, Col. E. F. Clay, Gen. J. F. Robinson and Prof. Shackelford.

GENTLEMEN:—That all the personal differences between Col. W. C. Goodloe and me may be amicably settled, I deem it my duty, as suggested by you gentlemen, to withdraw the offensive language used by me to Col. Goodloe at the Phoenix hotel, Saturday, on the 5th instant. Respectfully,

A. M. SWOPE.

LEXINGTON, May 9, 1888.

Hon. J. B. Beck, Col. E. F. Clay, Gen. J. F. Robinson and Prof. Shackleford.

GENTLEMEN:—Col. Swope having retracted his offensive language used to me at the Phoenix hotel on the morning of the 5th instant, I am now willing to say, as I said to friends prior to this difficulty, and would have said to Col. Swope, if properly requested, that the language used by me in the Louisville convention, was in defense of the Fayette county delegation, of which I was a member, against what I conceived to be an unjust imputation, and not as a personal attack upon Col. Swope. The language was an exaggeration, made in the heat of debate, and regretted by me in a moment afterward.

WM. CASSIUS GOODLOE.

[In connection with the tragedy it may not be out of place to reprint the following dispatch cut from THE BLADE files:]

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 5, 1888.—A few minutes after 12 o'clock this morning Col. A. M. Swope and Col. William Cassius Goodloe, leading Republicans of the state, met for the first time since the Louisville convention. Col. Goodloe was standing in the Phœnix Hotel talking to a number of friends, when Col. Swope came up, and, pushing his friends aside, began to denounce him in a most scathing and offensive manner. Col. Goodloe said that was no place for such an attack, and refused to resent it there, but trouble is feared hereafter, as both are known to be men of strong physical courage. The trouble grew out of the squabble in the Louisville convention.

Col. Goodloe declines to make any statement in regard to the affair to-day. A friend who is very close to him told your representative tonight that Col. Goodloe did not have anything to say; that the Courier-Journal had misquoted Goodloe as to what passed in the Louisville convention, and that if Col. Swope wanted to see Goodloe he knew exactly where to find him.

It seems that friends of both parties are trying to patch up the trouble, but for awhile this afternoon it was expected that blood would be shed. The affair is not over yet, and what the outcome will be no one can predict.

Goodloe's Dying Statement.

Col. Goodloe, died at 12:55 Sunday afternoon. Two hours before, he realized that dissolution was rapidly approaching and he then bade his family farewell and was resigned to his fate. The desperately wounded man retained possession of his faculties to the end and never once lost the nerve which he has displayed from the time the fatal bullet struck him.

All the members of the family were at the dying man's bedside, except Major Green Clay Goodloe, his brother, who did not get here until Monday night. Goodloe's statement of the difficulty after he was told that he could not live makes Swope the aggressor, as he drew and shot Goodloe just as the latter got his knife open. Goodloe said that, feeling he had received a death-wound, he cut him until he fell. Before death came he joined the Episcopal church.

THE W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Willard's Address—Report of the Work Accomplished.

Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the W. C. T. U. society, delivered her annual address at the opening session of the convention of that organization in Chicago on Nov. 8. In the beginning she said patriotism had always been part of her religion, and continued:

You are in Chicago; the Cronin trial is in full blast; the national flag was hissed and the red flag of commune was applauded not far from here but a few weeks ago. The experiment of free government in our large towns and cities is a failure, loudly confessed by men themselves.

Nor are reasons for this monumental catastrophe mysterious. America has become the dumping ground for European cities; immigration has steadily deteriorated in proportion as quantity has grown. To-day we have 100,000 anarchists among us. Multiplication of colossal fortunes, enormous accumulations of capital, corporate combinations, and the octopus grip of trusts render our wage-workers uneasy. Note the sullen look on grimy faces in the mine and manufactory, and on the streets, read the labor organs of the day, and see if well-to-do Americans are not asleep on the edge of a volcano.

Turning to politics, Miss Willard said: Let it never be forgotten that we who are here represent a National movement; that it is our special prerogative to note political signs of promise along the national horizon, and yonder we see two great old war ships battering each other on the high seas of a Presidential campaign; we see them both tariff and free trade, spoils of office, glittering prizes of personal ambition, engage them altogether, while into view comes a gleaming sail that tells us that she is launched on a wave, the good prohibition, the wave of humanity, boundless and free.

Are we afraid to send our blessings out after that ship across the stormy water, or to ask heaven's blessing on the men who shall form for its destiny? Nay, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, we have sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat.

She said the thanks of the convention were due President Harrison for directing that no liquor be sold on government reservations at Washington; men who chief Wanamaker for his pronounced declarations in favor of prohibition and Sabbath observance, and added:

Our protest should be sent to Vice President Morton for permitting a saloon under his new hotel. It is well known that Vice President Morton was an enemy of prohibition, but that he would thus outrage Christian sentiment by personal alliance with liquor traffic no one would believe but for proof.

The majority of the convention is strong in favor of alliance with the third party, yet cannot conceal their anxiety as to the attitude of the minority, who believe in non-partisan action. If the Iowa union withdraws the breach will be irreparable.

Last year the national officers claimed 10,000 local unions, with a membership of 200,000.

To-day the official report showed 7,000 local unions, with a membership of 142,163. Among the number which have withdrawn are such unions as Minneapolis, Cleveland and Chester county, Pa., the latter comprising 60 unions. Such startling figures disturb the equanimity of the organization and this withdrawal dissatisfaction has made a strong impression.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade dated New York, Nov. 9, says: The business outlook continues to improve. All the news this week is favorable to the public. Even the decision averse to the sugar trust and the exposure and proposed reorganization in cotton oil are hopeful signs. The monetary situation has decidedly improved here and abroad, and while the Bank of England rate is still held at 5 per cent, money is quoted in open market 2¼ per cent.

Most of the increase in payments comes from legitimate business, for speculation is still restricted except in trust stocks. These began to rally, but were met with the decision adverse to the sugar trust and the disclosure that over half a million had been lost for cotton oil stockholders in attempts to sustain the market. Other securities have been stronger since the election, the reported agreement about western rates having a good effect, but the tone is not enthusiastic.

Speculation in wheat was temporarily stimulated by an unofficial publication by Mr. Dodge, the government statistician, putting the probable yield at 485,000,000 bushels. Whether the paper had left his hands before the official returns indicating a larger acreage and yield were made up, no one seems to have asked. But the lowest estimate would leave the supply for export much beyond the largest foreign demand in recent years, and the net result for the week has been a decline of ¾ of a cent, with sales of only 10,000,000 bushels.

Corn is ⅛c stronger, and oats ⅝c, but pork is 50c and lard ⅛c lower. Oil has advanced 4c, with moderate trading, and coffee is barely nominal. The only tariff change in raw sugar has been made actual, the trust having entered the market as a buyer at 4⅞c for Muscavado and 5⅝c for 96 degree centrifugal, but refined shows a decline of ⅛c.

It can only be reckoned a sign of improvement that wool has yielded about 1c per pound, since the concession has induced considerable buying. Manufacturers hold that no advance is possible in heavy woolens, and have bought little except at reduced prices.

The iron and steel business is remarkably strong, and bar producers in convention have advanced the prices 1.9 cents, but there is much evidence of a desire to inflate quotations and create a boom. The returns from all interior points are decidedly encouraging, showing an excellent trade in progress, fair collections and an ample supply of money.

The business failures for the last seven days number for the United States 228, and for Canada 39. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 194 and 32.

THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

A Large Gathering in Baltimore of Clergy and Laity.

The twelve hundred delegates to the first congress of the Catholic laymen of the United States was called to order in Baltimore, Md., shortly before noon Monday by Hon. J. J. Onahan, of Chicago. Every seat in Concordia hall was filled and the galleries we crowded with spectators

The first applause of the assembly was elicited by the entrance of ex-Gov. John Lee Carroll, with Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, and Mr. Onahan. Archbishop Ireland briefly invoked the divine blessing. In a few spirited remarks introducing ex-Gov. Carroll as temporary chairman, Mr. Onahan mentioned the name of Pope Leo.

Instantly there was hand-clapping and cheers all over the hall, soon growing into a tumult of enthusiasm. The scene was a notable one as the delegates swung their hats and shouted a greeting to the Roman pontiff. Mr. Onahan suggestion that he hoped not far distant to see an international congress of lay Catholics also met with hearty approbation.

Ex-Governor Carroll, on taking the chair, was warmly applauded. He said:

It may be that the question will be asked, by what authority is this congress held, and under what law does it assemble? In reply to this, we would suggest by the sanction of His Eminence, the Cardinal, Archbishop of Baltimore, and the distinguished prelates who now surround us, and by virtue of the authority of the constitution of the United States.

He said that this congress so auspiciously begun "will be but the forerunner of others yet to come, and that the Catholics of the United States will look to these congresses with pride and satisfaction. The congress has but two purposes at heart—the glory and progress of the Catholic church and the continued prosperity of the American people. [Applause long continued.]

The following cablegram from Rome was read:

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, Baltimore:

Having made known to the Holy Father the expressions of devotion conveyed to him on the part of the Catholic Congress, to be held in Baltimore, His Holiness graciously bids me to say that he most affectionately imparts his blessing to all the members.

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

Daniel Dougherty, of New York, was invited by the chairman to address the congress pending the appointment of committees.

The famous orator was in his best form and voice. He was given a perfect ovation by the congress.

All through Mr. Dougherty's address there were outbursts of cheers, and at the conclusion the cheering was renewed again and again, while the dignitaries on the stage, bishops and archbishops among them, crowded around him and shook him warmly by the hand.

Father Nugent, a distinguished clergyman of Liverpool, Eng.; Hon. Honore Meiyer, prime minister of Quebec, and ex-United States Senator Francis M. Kernan, of New York, followed in brief addresses, congratulating the congress on its successful inauguration.

Cardinal Gibbons, in his scarlet robes, entered the hall while Senator Kernan was speaking, accompanied by a committee of laymen, which the congress, by a vote at the beginning of the session, had sent to invite him to be present. Side by side with Cardinal Gibbons, and in equally brilliant array, was Cardinal Taschereau, of Canada. The two cardinals were heartily cheered by the congress, as they made their way through the delegates to the platform.

The cardinals were formally introduced by Chairman Carroll, and Cardinal Gibbons addressed the delegates, welcoming them in his own name and that of the people of Baltimore, irrespective of creed. The cardinal paid a high tribute to "The irrepressible West," which, he said, had brought about the congress when he himself was scarcely in favor of it at this time.

Archbishop Ireland, whom the cardinal said "I personally love," was complimented highly for his share in the enterprise and for his standing in public matters in general. The cardinal said the laity have the right and also the duty of co-operating with the clergy in every good work affecting society, the country and the churches at large.

The clergy and lay ought to come closer together and the clergy in America have much to learn from the worldly knowledge and practical spirit of the American laymen. It was from them that the clergy received their support—not, thank God, on the silver salver of the government, but from the warm hands and hearts of the people.

He urged the delegates to show in their proceedings the liberty and independence that characterize freemen. [Cheers.]

The temporary organization of the congress was made permanent and a recess followed.

CARDINAL GIBBON'S BOOK.

The Five Great Drawbacks to the World's Progress.

Cardinal Gibbon's "Our Christian Heritage," has been issued in Baltimore. It is dedicated to the memory of John Carroll, the patriarch of the American church, and to the prelates and clergy of the United States, heirs of his faith and his mission.

The book endeavors to show that fundamental truths underlying Christianity were all successfully believed in being demonstrated by our unaided reason, but can be made still more luminous by the light of Christianity. It has nothing to say against other Christian denominations. Most of the subjects discussed are advocated by Protestant writers.

In closing the chapter on the dignity of labor the cardinal addresses to the laboring man a friendly exhortation. He tells him to cultivate a spirit of industry, without which all the appliances of organized labor are unavailing, and says, above all, let religion be the queen of your household. When the evening of life has come and your earthly labors are drawing to a close, it will cheer you with the bright prospect of an eternal reunion.

On the dangers that threaten our American civilization the book says:

If our government and legislation are permeated and fortified by divine revelation and Christian traditions, we cannot ignore the fact that they are assailed by unbelief, impiety and socialism.

We are confronted by five great evils—Mormonism and divorce, which strike at the root of the family and society; an imperfect and vicious system of education, which undermines the religion of our youth; the desecration of the Christian Sabbath, which tends to obliterate in our adult population the salutary fear of God and the homage which we owe Him; the gross and systematic election frauds, and lastly the unreasonable delay in carrying into effect the sentences of our criminal courts, and the numerous subterfuges by which criminal courts evade the execution of the law.

Our insatiable greed for gain, the co-existence of colossal wealth with abject poverty, the extravagance of the rich, the discontent of the poor, our eager and impetuous rushing through life, and every other moral and social delinquency, may be traced to one of the five radical vices enumerated above.

Every man that has the welfare of his country at heart cannot fail to view with alarm the existence and the gradual diffusion of Mormonism, which is a discredit to our government. The feeble and spasmodic attempts that have been made to repress this social evil, and the virtual immunity that it enjoys, have rendered its apostles bold and defiant.

The recklessness with which divorce is employed is an evil scarcely less deplorable than Mormonism. For divorce has the sanction of civil law which Mormonism has not.

Mormonism consists in similtaneous polygamy, while the law of divorce practically leads to successive polygamy.

The second evil that bodes mischief to our country and endangers the stability of our government, the cardinal says, arises from our mutilated and defective system of public school education. It is not enough for children to have a secular education; they must receive also a religious training. Indeed, religious knowledge is as far above human science as heaven is above earth.

He says of the ballot:

The repeated cry of election frauds is one full of warning. Frauds are attempted, and too often successful. It is the gravest menace to free institutions.

TILDEN'S WILL.

The Trust Clause Decision Reversed by The Supreme Court.

Justice Lawrence's decision, in which he upheld the Tilden trust cause in the will of the late Samuel J. Tilden, has been reversed by the general term of the New York Supreme court. Mr. Tilden's will in its thirty-fifth clause provided for the establishment of libraries in this city and other places, but according to the ruling of the court, this bequest, by reason of legal technicalities, is void. Presiding Justice Van Brunt agrees with Justice Brady in this view, while Justice Daniels writes a dissenting opinion.

Mr. Tilden, in the disputed clause, directed the formation of a corporation to be known as the Tilden trust, and gave his residuary estate for that purpose. Should the trust not be incorporated during the lifetime of two of his nieces whom he named, the residue was by the executors to be applied to "such educational and charitable purposes as in their judgment would render the wisest and most substantial benefit to the interests of mankind."

George, H. Tilden, a nephew, attacked the validity of this section, and the general term locks with favor on this contest. Presiding Justice Van Brunt, after stating the general principles relating to wills, says he thinks that the court was in error in holding the provision to be an executory devise. It was clear that the testator's intention was not to create an estate in expectancy. The judge reviews much legal argument produced on the hearing before the court, and says that "the court is unable to discover in what part of the devise the discretion to judge of the character of the gift is lodged with the person named as trustee.

"Without action on the part of the executors the Tilden trust could not possibly claim anything. If the provisions of the will relating to this residue and remainder are to be deemed a trust, therefore, they are void, and if they are to be deemed to confer simply a power in trust upon the executors and trustees, they are equally invalid for indefiniteness, unless the execution or non-execution of the power was made expressly to depend upon the will of the guarantee power."

It is plain that the discretion which is vested in these trustees cannot be controlled and cannot be exercised by any other person or court, and thus no duty has been imposed upon them the performance of which can be upheld by a court of equity, and this is the test of the validity of such a power in trust.

The radical vice of the entire provision seems to have arisen from the testator's unwillingness to confer any enforceable rights upon any qualified person or body. He seems to have absolute confidence in his executors, and, therefore, the exclusion of that necessary definiteness for which executorial or lack of discretion can be substantiated under our system of law.

In conclusion the judge says: "It is undoubtedly a great misfortune that the intention of the testator to found a trust of the character mapped out by his will should be frustrated and that the city of New York should not receive the advantages of the influence by which it was intended that its people should be benefited, but that should not cause the court to violate rules and statutes which have been adopted as best subserving the interests of the people of this state."

CROP REPORTS.

The Quantity and the Quality of the Corn Output.

The official returns of November to the department of agriculture relate to the yield per acre and quality. They make the rate of production of corn a full average, slightly above 26¼ bushels per acre, and the quality medium, relatively low on the Atlantic coast, from New York southward, and high west of the Mississippi. The returns of potatoes make the average yield 76 bushels per acre. The general average for tobacco of all kinds is 645 pounds per acre.

The best corn is in the Missouri valley, as well as the highest yields. The saturating rains of the coast regions, with insufficient sunshine, have left the corn soft and chaffy. The crop in high lands especially, if well cultivated, is of better quality. The reduction of quality, over large districts, will induce rapid consumption and limit stocks reserved for spring use. In the region of commercial corn the quality is generally good.

The Irish potato crop is poor in yield and quality in the eastern and middle states. The western states report better results. The Rocky mountain yields are less than was expected, and the quality scarcely medium in a large portion of the breadth. The New York crop is estimated at only 56 bushels per acre. The Michigan average is 78 bushels per acre.

HE JOINED THE ARMY.

Disinherited, a Young Drexel Concludes to Become a Soldier.

A fine-looking young man appeared at the war recruiting station on East Water street in Milwaukee, Wis., a few days ago and made application for admission to the army. He passed an excellent examination, and was accepted and sent to the front.

His name was given as Edwin J. Drexel, and after he left for the front, it was learned that he was a nephew of the late A. J. Drexel, the millionaire banker of Philadelphia, whose daughter Catherine took the white veil at a Pittsburg convent Thursday. He was a sort of disinherited member of the wealthy family, some of the younger actions, it is said, shocking his relatives to such an extent that they concluded to let him out in the division of the property. After wandering about the country for several years, he concluded that the regular army was about the last resort for him.

CREDIT MOBILIER.

Settlement of the Case in the Courts of Philadelphia.

The long pending litigation against the credit Mobilier of America was practically brought to a conclusion on Nov. 8 by payment into the Pennsylvania State treasury of $40,000 in the settlement of the commonwealth's claim for taxes due for the last eighteen years.

The Credit Mobilier company has heretofore returned its capital stock valuation for taxation purposes at the nominal